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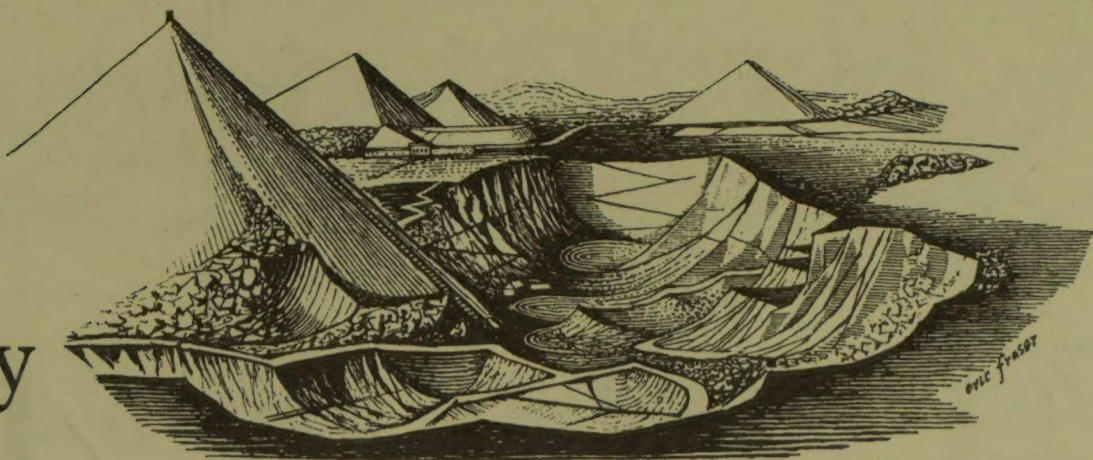
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craftsmanship and traditional skill have been enhanced by important discoveries of modern ceramic technology.

In these developments the Royal Doulton Potteries have taken a leading part. The Doulton Group of Companies

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For generations, Royal Doulton Fine China and Earthenware have graced the tables of countless homes. Never has their fame stood

higher than today. In an independent survey recently held in the United States to discover the tableware patterns most sought after by American brides, Royal Doulton gained first, fourth and seventh places and was the only English china to appear in the 'top ten'.

Doulton's part in the 'sanitary reform' movement last century is a matter of history, and the name has been pre-eminent in this field ever since.

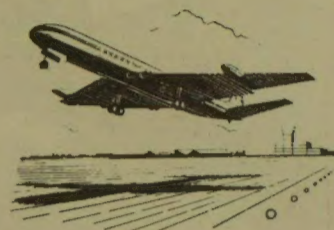


In countless modern homes, schools, and public buildings Doulton Sanitary Equipment is making an important contribution to general well-being. And, hidden underground, millions of Doulton Vitrified



Stoneware Drainpipes perform an equally important task in maintaining the health of the community. Doulton Vitrified Stoneware Conduits are in immense demand to protect the cable-lines of communication,

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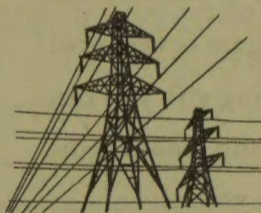


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Millions are in use by electricity authorities throughout the world.



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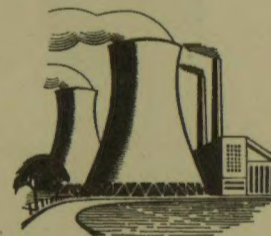
Acid-resisting Chemical Stoneware; these include pipes to carry corrosive fluids under pressure, processing plant and containers for

acids, chemicals, foodstuffs, perfumes, essences and a host of other products. Another branch of Doulton activities, with applications in

almost every industry, is the production

of special Porous Ceramics for filtration, aeration, electrolysis and other purposes.

Pottery has almost as many forms as it has uses, and there are many kinds of pottery.



They all begin with clay, but the clays must

be carefully chosen and, to produce the right 'body' for a specific purpose, the potter may have to mix several different types of clay and

other ingredients. Here Doulton's long

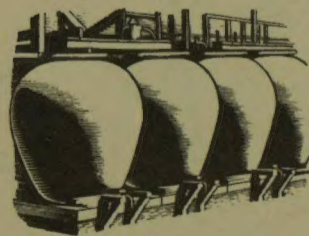
experience, reinforced by constant

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research laboratories ensures the

maintenance of Royal Doulton leadership.




*An illustrated booklet, describing Royal Doulton manufactures, may be obtained from Doulton & Co. Limited, Dept. IL, Doulton House, Albert Embankment, London, S.E.1*

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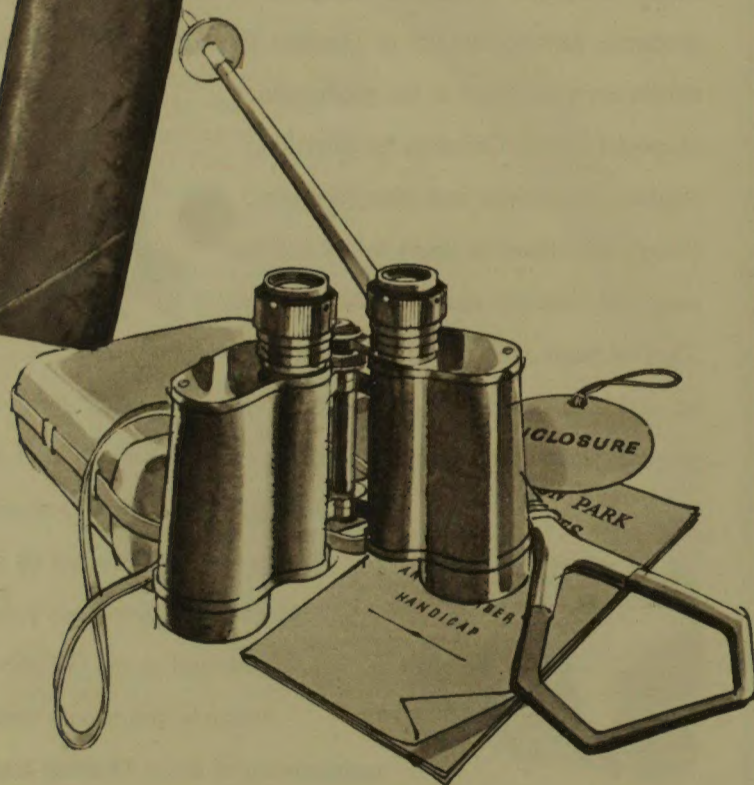
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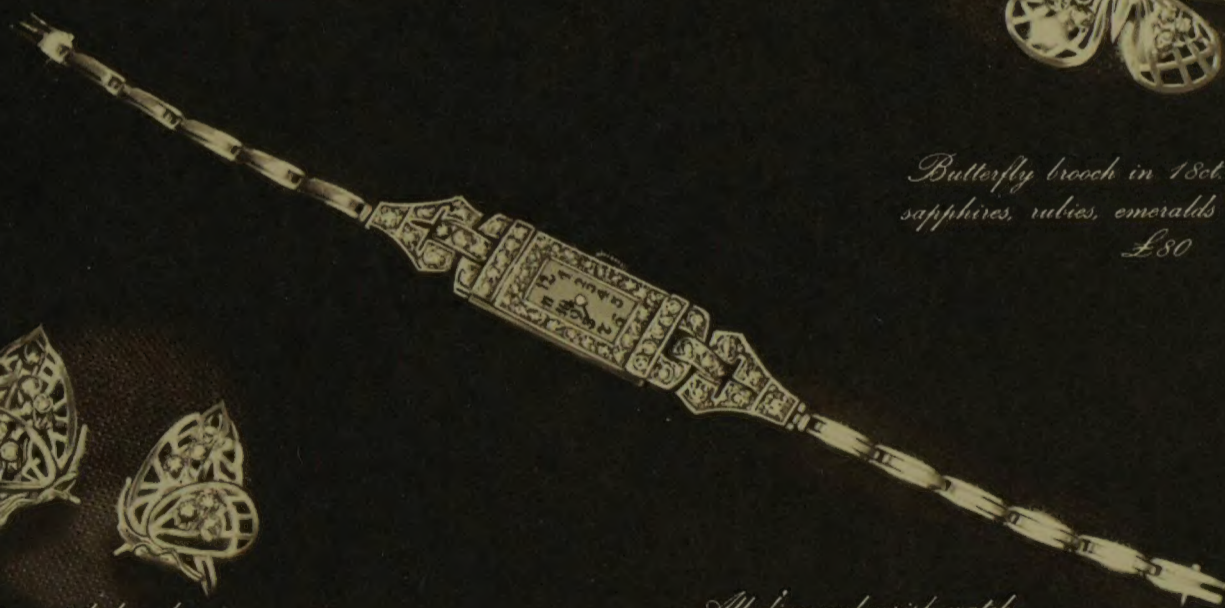
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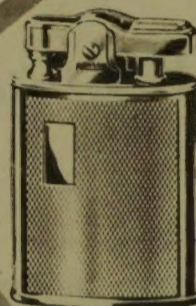
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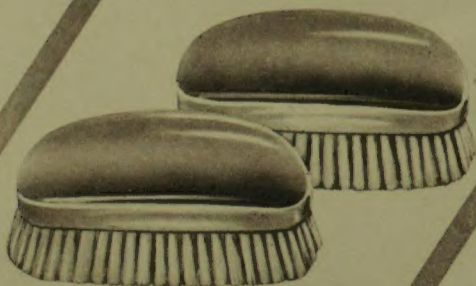
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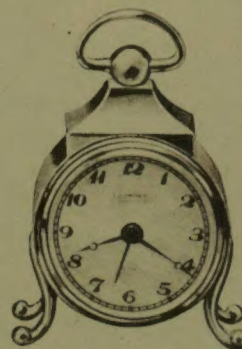
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glass lining, diameter  $4\frac{5}{8}$  ins.,  
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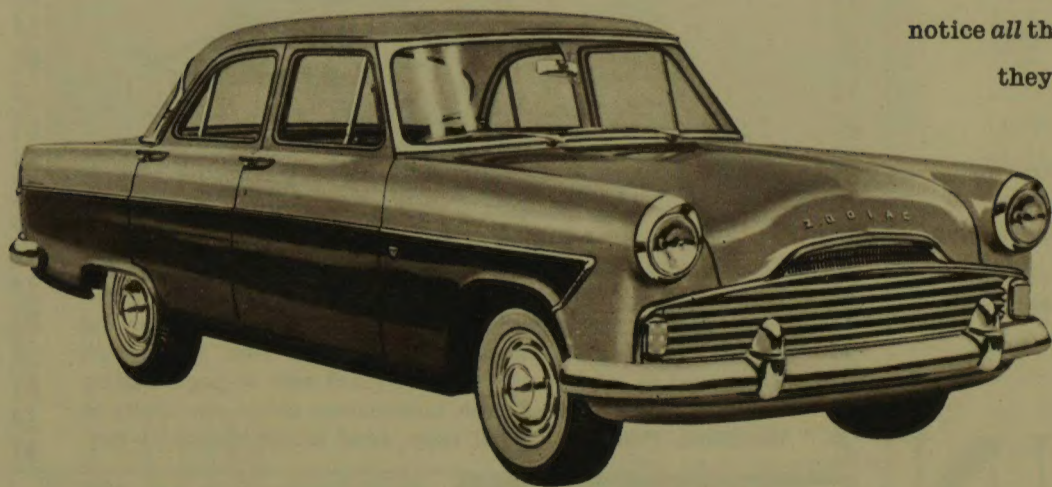
splendid  
piece

of work, sir...

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The brandy — Remy Martin V.S.O.P.

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# H. UPMANN

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...The Riviera of flowers awaits you

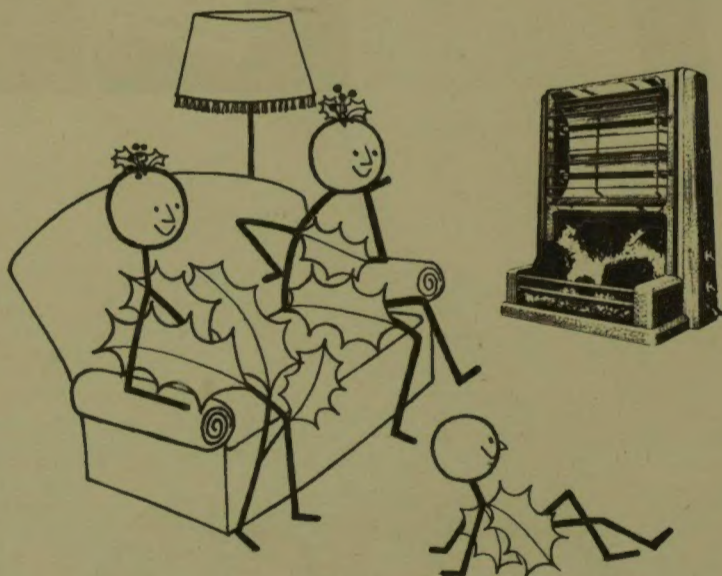


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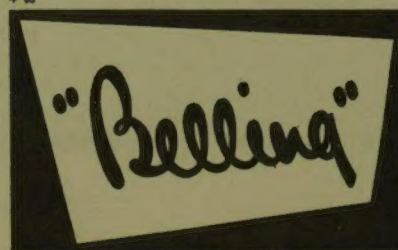
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clasp of a hand in  
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*As blended by the Mackinlay  
Family for four generations.*

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*The Cigar — H. Upmann Havana.*

*A host is known  
by the brandy he serves*

To serve your guests an indifferent brandy is more  
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A genuine Fine Champagne V.S.O.P. Cognac. A  
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two finest districts of Cognac. And it is reassuring to  
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For the  
discriminating  
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IF you know just how good a Sherry can be . . . if you appreciate the delight of a perfect Fino, exquisite in flavour, just full enough in body, just dry enough for the most discriminating palate, there is no Sherry quite comparable with Domecq's "La Ina."

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of Sherries*

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Remembering the most popular 'DOUBLE CENTURY'  
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*- now that you  
can choose!*



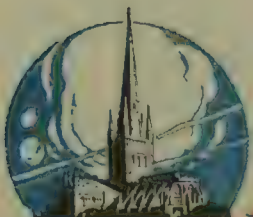
EVERYONE HAS A DOUBLE WHEN IT'S VAT 69



A Kodachrome photograph

## A fine city, NORWICH

It was in the 15th century that the great spire of Norwich Cathedral, second highest in Britain, replaced a former wooden steeple. At that time the buildings on the right of this picture were used by the monks as their 'garner' or granary, brewery and bakery. The Norwich Union Insurance Societies were established over 150 years ago by men with broad vision and a keen sense of the community's needs. No wonder they decided to adopt the familiar outline of Norwich Cathedral as their symbol. Today it is recognised as the hallmark of all that is best in insurance, the beneficent influence of the Societies being enjoyed by policyholders in the farthest corners of the earth.



# NORWICH UNION

## INSURANCE SOCIETIES, NORWICH

*150 years of service*

★ If you would like a print of this advertisement, write to the Societies' Publicity Department

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1959.



WITNESSES TO A FLOOD DISASTER THAT KILLED OVER 300 PEOPLE—A SHATTERED DAM, AND A FIVE-MILE LAKE DRAINED ALMOST DRY: THE DESOLATE SCENE IN THE REYRAN VALLEY, ABOVE FREJUS, SOUTHERN FRANCE.

On the evening of December 3 France suffered one of her severest natural disasters for many years when the Malpasset Dam, north of the French Riviera town of Fréjus, was broken by the pressure of water, and a wave that is reputed to have been 15 ft. high swept, with a roar like thunder, down the valley into the sea. The dam supported a lake about five miles long and two-and-a-half miles wide, and the irresistible torrent of this enormous quantity of water carried roads and villages with it and hurled its full impact on the town of Fréjus, about fifteen miles from Cannes. According to the Ministry of the Interior, in Paris, 323 people lost their lives in the disaster and, by December 6, 256 of these had been identified. Almost immediately an appeal

for help was launched throughout the country: in addition, the British Government offered £10,000, which was accepted. The Queen sent a message of condolence to President de Gaulle, and the French Government has ordered an inquiry into the collapse of the dam, and appointed a commission of six engineers to carry it out. The Malpasset Dam was begun in 1952, designed to provide water for the growing Riviera towns, and irrigation for the Reyran Valley. It came into service in 1957. Its designer, M. André Coyne, is an engineer of a world-wide reputation and was formerly President of the International Association of Big Dams. It has been reliably reported that the dam had every possible guarantee. (Other photographs appear on following pages.)

Postage—Inland, 4d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 6½d. (These rates apply as The Illustrated London News is registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper.)

## A FRENCH FLOOD DISASTER: THE MALPASSET DAM AND ITS VICTIMS.



IRONICALLY CLAIMED TO BE "THE THINNEST IN THE WORLD": THE MALPASSET DAM, ABOVE FREJUS, BEFORE ITS COLLAPSE KILLED 323 PEOPLE.



A SIMILAR VIEW AFTER THE DISASTER: ALL THAT NOW REMAINS OF THE MALPASSET DAM, BUILT TO PROVIDE THE RIVIERA WITH WATER.

MANY of the inhabitants of the Reyran Valley and of the town of Fréjus—14,000 inhabitants—heard only a roar like thunder before the flood of water released by the shattered Malpasset Dam engulfed them on the evening of December 3. Electricity was cut off, and it was not until the morning that the full scale of the destruction could be seen. Railway lines were torn up, houses, bridges, trees and roads swept away, and in the low-lying land near the sea many signs of former habitation had been obliterated in an impenetrable lake of mud. In the area hit by the water the only undamaged building was the remains of an old Roman arena. "The Romans built better than we did," remarked an onlooker sadly.

(Right.) VICTIMS OF THE 15-FT. WAVE WHICH CRASHED ON TO THE TOWN OF FREJUS: A TYPICAL SCENE OF MUD AND DEVASTATION.



FRENCH ARMY PERSONNEL AT WORK CLEARING THE WRECKAGE NEAR FREJUS ON DECEMBER 4 AND SEARCHING FOR THE MANY UNDISCOVERED BODIES.



SWEEPED AWAY BY THE SUDDEN TORRENT AND PARTLY SUBMERGED: TWO CARRIAGES OF A TRAIN FROM NICE. RAILWAY SLEEPERS PROTRUDE FROM THE MUD.

## THE HEART-BREAKING AFTERMATH: RESCUE, IDENTIFICATION AND BURIAL.



RESCUING A CHILD FROM HIS SHATTERED HOME: A FRENCH FIREMAN IN A SCENE TYPICAL OF THE REYRAN VALLEY AFTER THE MALPASSET DAM HAD BURST ON DECEMBER 3.



THE ARMY TO THE RESCUE IN FREJUS: A DEVASTATED AREA. IN THE BACKGROUND IS THE ONLY "UNDAMAGED" BUILDING—THE RUINS OF AN OLD ROMAN ARENA.

THROUGHOUT the days following the flood, rescuers were trying to fight their way through the chaos of mud and débris to find the missing inhabitants of Fréjus. Soldiers, firemen, Boy Scouts and numerous volunteers worked until dark—there was no electricity—to save victims and to transport the coffins of the dead to the cemetery, where three long trench graves had been dug. Rescue was sometimes hazardous, and the pilot of a helicopter which had been transporting the stranded and wounded all day was killed when his aircraft crashed into a tree. Hospitals were crowded with the injured, but a large number of bodies were still to be found. Many of these may have been washed out to sea by the giant wave, or buried under feet of rubble and mud. (For further photographs see other pages.)

(Right.)

WITH THE NAMES OF THE FLOOD VICTIMS ROUGHLY WRITTEN IN CHALK: LINES OF COFFINS IN A MASS BURIAL AT FREJUS. THE POPE SENT HIS APOSTOLIC BLESSING.



BEFORE THE HOSPITAL IN FREJUS, WHERE THE COFFINS LIE IN THE OPEN, SOME COVERED BY FLOWERS: MOURNERS GATHER FOR A FUNERAL SERVICE ON DECEMBER 4.



A MASS BURIAL FOR THE FLOOD VICTIMS: FRENCH MINISTERS LOOK ON AS THE COFFINS, STREWN WITH FLOWERS, ARE LAID IN A HUGE GRAVE.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

THE English are slow to solve their problems; in fact, they often do not solve them at all until they have become so grave as to seem almost insoluble. I use the word English advisedly, for the Scots—a highly logical race; the Irish—a gloriously illogical one; and the Welsh are all different. But as the English constitute the greater part and the electoral majority of the so-called British people, they are apt to impress their national traits and propensities on the policy of our country which, as a result, is usually judged by them. And this trait of putting off action in matters unpleasant for as long as they possibly can is, I believe, peculiar to the English; it is certainly not a trait of the Celts, who are constitutionally disposed to act quickly and, sometimes, over-hastily.

But though the English act late, they also act with astonishing resolution and unanimity—and, therefore, with effect—when at last they do act. The classic example of our time was their reaction to Hitler's victories in 1940. In a sense those victories were their own fault, for had they not disarmed to such an exaggerated extent after the First World War and persisted in remaining disarmed despite every indication that Germany was arming fast and was bent on world conquest, Hitler could never have had his triumphs. Yet in the end it was the strength and intensity of Britain's realisation that Hitler had got to be stopped that stopped him at the very moment when the rest of the world had virtually given up hope that he could be stopped at all: when all Europe except Russia was under his heel, when Russia was timidly playing the jackal to his tiger, when Japan was waiting poised to strike by his side in the Pacific, and when America was still sunk in an ostrich-like isolationism and neutrality on the other side of a fast-shrinking Atlantic. It was then that this English trait of putting-off decision until almost too late and then acting with a more than human determination and inexorableness, having betrayed the world, saved it.

Oh, my country, bless the training that  
from cot to castle runs—  
The pitfall of the stranger but the bul-  
wark of thy sons—  
Measured speech and ordered action,  
sluggish soul and unperturbed,  
Till we wake our Island-Devil—nowise  
cool for being curbed !\*

Perhaps something similar is now going to happen in the less important but exceedingly topical matter of traffic congestion. For years the streets of London and of other British cities, great and small, have been growing more and more difficult to traverse, not because there is too much traffic trying to pass through them, but because at least half the traffic is not moving at all and is in the street, not for the purpose of moving, but for that of remaining there until its owners choose to move it. Before the war when there were far fewer road-users, it was apt to be dangerous and costly to leave one's car unattended in a street, for the law against obstruction of the highway was as often as not enforced by prosecution and fine. But since the war, when the number of cars has multiplied and is still rapidly rising while the numbers of the Police Force have diminished, kerbside parking, though

still a breach of the law, has become common form and has been almost completely condoned and unpunished by the authorities. Even main thoroughfares like Piccadilly and the Brompton Road have been habitually used as car-parks, while it has been usual in narrower streets like Harley Street and Wimpole Street to find a continuous line of cars parked all day on either side of the road, in many places not only one deep but two deep, leaving space only for a single line of traffic to move in either direction. While motorists have come to assume that, in return for purchasing a licence and paying petrol tax, they have a moral and legal right, not only to use the highways and streets for purposes of transit, but

bus's course are impeded by parked cars, would-be passengers must often wait at a stop, in rain and cold, for long periods before a single bus with the destination they require appears, despite the fact that buses are timed by the London Transport Board to run at regular intervals. Because they have to traverse not merely streets but a vast open-air garage, it is impossible for those who drive its buses to keep to their schedules. For this the London Transport Board is blamed, though the blame in reality is wholly that of the private car-parker and of the statutory authorities who allow him to impede the highways by using them as garages. And as their illegal use is allowed to him free of charge, the motorist

naturally refrains from using either the private garage space or the metered public parking-places at which a charge is made. The absurdity, injustice and wastefulness of such a system, or lack of it, has long been apparent, but, England being England and the English the English, nothing has been done about it. In the words of the head of the London Transport Board, "London has been slowly throttling itself."

Now, at long last, to prevent a repetition of the almost complete stoppage of traffic in the West End of London which occurred last Christmas, a new, vigorous and highly-intelligent Minister of Transport has applied, as a temporary emergency measure, the obvious remedy. For a period of three or four weeks the central area of London around Piccadilly and Mayfair has been proscribed for parking except in authorised or metered parking-places. The transformation effected in the traffic situation on the first day of the ban was hailed by the Press as miraculous; in fact, to anyone who reflected on the problem for a moment, it was the obvious consequence of such an obvious and long-awaited measure. The truth is that leaving cars unattended by the kerbside of busy thoroughfares is anti-social, illegal and incompatible with the requirements of public transport and should be made impracticable by the enforcement of the law. Naturally, motorists want to leave the cars where they like without paying for the right to do so and, so long as they are allowed to do so, they will. But our city streets were not constructed for such a purpose and it is not in the nature of things that they can be without an immense change which someone has got to bear. Why the public should bear it and not the private motorist it is hard to see. However great my need of a house, if I were to pitch a

tent by the pavement in Berkeley Square and attempt to live in it, I should be removed by the police and prosecuted, or, if I could establish my right to remain there, I should be assessed for both taxes and rates for the space I occupied. And the same would be true if I pitched a tent in one of the Royal or L.C.C. Parks. No one in this country wants to stop private motoring, but, like any other activity, it must be pursued in accordance with the general interests of the nation as a whole and subject to the law. And it may be that with Mr. Marples's appointment to the Ministry of Transport the historic moment has come when the English people have seen at long last the obvious and are about to act on it.

\* "The Five Nations" ("Et Dona Ferentes"). By R. Kipling. (Methuen (1903), page 93.)



THE NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF SOUTH AFRICA: MR. C. R. SWART, WITH HIS WIFE. MR. SWART HAS BEEN THE MINISTER OF JUSTICE SINCE 1948 AND WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR MUCH CONTROVERSIAL LEGISLATION.

Mr. C. R. Swart, who is sixty-five, has been appointed Governor-General of South Africa in succession to the late Dr. Jansen, who died on November 25 at the age of seventy-eight. Mr. Swart, who has been Minister of Justice since 1948, is a former lawyer who has also been a Hollywood actor, journalist, farmer, university lecturer and teacher. He was elected to Parliament in 1933 as a supporter of Dr. Malan and he became leader of the Nationalist party in the Orange Free State in 1940. He is the second Nationalist to be appointed Governor-General.

as parking-spaces for their vehicles, public transport in our cities has grown steadily more and more inadequate owing to the difficulty which large vehicles find in moving at all in such blocked and reduced thoroughfares. One has only to sit in the front row of a London bus at a busy time of the day and watch the traffic below one to realise the almost impossible conditions in which drivers of London Transport vehicles have to operate; at every traffic-light and stop, dozens and even hundreds of private cars, many of them emerging from their free resting-places by the pavement, infiltrate in front of the bus and "jump the queue," so taking precedence of the unfortunate bus, which will sometimes remain stationary before a single traffic-light while the latter changes colour half a dozen times or more. For this reason and because the streets along the



FLOODED FIELDS, DERAILED CARRIAGES, GUTTED HOUSES: A SCENE NEAR FREJUS ON THE MORNING AFTER THE MALPASSET DAM BURST, SENDING A 15-FT. WALL OF WATER SEAWARDS.



WHERE THE TIDAL WAVE FINALLY HIT THE SEA, SWEEPING AIRCRAFT, HOUSES, ROADS AND RAIL-TRACKS WITH IT: A COASTLINE WHICH NOW BLENDS INTO A SEA OF MUD.

#### A FLOOD DISASTER SEEN FROM THE AIR: SCENES OF APPALLING DESOLATION AT FREJUS, SOUTHERN FRANCE.

At the time of going to press the reason why the Malpasset Dam broke is still far from clear. For that one must await the result of the Government inquiry ordered immediately after the disaster. A number of theories have been put forward, and of these the serious ones are as follows: that the recent heavy rain brought about a landslide; that the opening of the flood-gates to relieve pressure shortly before the disaster produced fatal shock

waves in the water; that there was some kind of earthquake; that explosions made in connection with a new road weakened the dam; and that the construction itself was at fault. Experts have stated that the construction of the road could not have weakened the dam, while M. Ballot, of the firm that built it, said there could have been no error in the calculations of M. Coyne, the designer. (For other photographs see earlier pages.)

TWO issues related to the Union of South Africa have recently come to the fore. They are closely connected by the political doctrine of *Apartheid*, the plan for the relations between the European population on the one hand and the African, Coloured, and Indian on the other. One is criticism of the inclusion of the Union in the British Prime Minister's tour and efforts to draw from him a declaration in advance that he will inform the South African Prime Minister, Dr. Verwoerd, of his disapproval of the principle of *Apartheid*. The other is an agitation—not confined to the two great Universities of this country but receiving most attention where they are concerned—to boycott the Union.

As regards public opinion in this country, I suppose that there are few matters of dispute about which it is more united. It is against *Apartheid*. Such opinion as may be in its favour does not express itself because this would divide it from the overwhelming majority of all parties and views. There must be some old-fashioned people in this category. On the other hand, some trade unions which would strongly condemn the policy have not shown themselves particularly enthusiastic about the rights of dark-skinned people who have sought work in the United Kingdom. The general impression is, however, that the policy is unjust and unlikely to fulfil the hopes of those most sincerely attached to it. Many believe that it may lead to a disaster in the not very distant future.

Yet all this is a very different matter to the arguments put forward in the House of Commons on December 1. Mr. Macmillan was asked whether he did not realise that his visit to South Africa would be in itself "taking up a position about this subject," that is to say, in favour of *Apartheid*. He was asked by the Leader of the Opposition to say, there and then, that he was prepared to advise the Prime Minister of South Africa to modify his policy. He answered that his visit to South Africa would be part of a tour covering Ghana, Nigeria, Central Africa and the Union, and that private talks were not suitable subjects for public statements.

Well, international affairs and Commonwealth relations are nowadays conducted in the open to a greater extent than used to be the case. Yet they are still conducted largely by means of private conversations, not subsequently reported. The complaint that the communiqués published are barren and sometimes that they are misleading is common. Mr. Gaitskell, in pointing out that a statement had been issued after private talks between Mr. Macmillan and Dr. Adenauer, may be forgiven—in the haste of a supplementary question—for forgetting that on the occasion in question the summary issued had been agreed upon. It is not impossible that a similar arrangement will be made after the meeting between Mr. Macmillan and Dr. Verwoerd. But there is a gulf between what Mr. Gaitskell was inviting the Prime Minister to do and the accepted practice.

Just consider some of the implications raised by the cross-examination in the Commons on December 1. Are we to accept as reasonable a question on these lines: "Will the Prime Minister assure us that he will inform Mr. Khrushchev, when he meets him, of his detestation of the obliteration of liberty in Hungary and of the

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. BRITAIN AND THE UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA.

By CYRIL FALLS,

*Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.*

stationing of a Russian garrison to prevent its revival?" Would talks go with a swing if he agreed? Or take even the case of a dispute—muted now by common anxieties—between two respected members of the Commonwealth. Would it not be absurd and mischievous to demand that India or Pakistan—for both have adherents in their controversy—should be told that it was manifestly in the wrong by a visiting British Prime Minister?

We need no longer consider theoretical outside examples, however, because we can easily foresee

in the world they have not come my way; for this reason, if no other, I should be prepared to request my wife to join a boycott of shops which boycotted them. I will own that I do not offer my friends South African sherry, but I drink a fair amount of it myself. South African jams are famous, at a time when our own are, with a few exceptions, not as good as they used to be.

I do not admit that the principle of this proposed boycott is justifiable, but, supposing it were, what would the organisers hope to effect? Presumably it would be to intimidate the dour and tough apostles of *Apartheid* and compel them to abandon it. This objective is not promising. On the other hand, a successful blockade would, of course, be damaging to South Africa. Those who would suffer most acutely would be the very people whom the advocates of a boycott are ostensibly supporting. They would be the African workers in the vineyards, the orchards, and the tobacco plantations, as well as many others. In fact, trade relations are so extended that the damage would spread much further than I have suggested. As for another type of boycott propounded some little time ago, that of South African Rugby football, cricket, and hockey teams, it is not equally damaging but it is distasteful and absurd.

It may be considered that too much attention has been paid in this article to the project of a boycott, which has not as yet gone very far. The answer must be that crazes do sometimes grow like snowballs rolled in snow, especially when there exists a moral problem which is highly perplexing, as is the case. I have in the past written here about *Apartheid* and pointed out that the South African Government's attitude to it is rather different from what it outwardly appears to be. I said that it did not propose to dam African nationalism in perpetuity, but had adopted a policy which it hoped would tide over the period of its inevitable development. I concluded that this was unfair and unwise. It is not difficult to see why people in this country particularly sensitive to its errors should feel frustrated by its continuance. But such situations are common.

The pledges which the Opposition strove to extort from the Prime Minister would

not have been given by Mr. Gaitskell or Mr. Callaghan had they been in possession of the opposite front bench. They would be improper in procedure and ruinous in effect. As I have indicated, anyone in high office who applied them to other situations would be a lunatic. Why should South Africa be thought suitable for the application of a system which would be crazy in any other context? These proposals were egregious, but at least they could not have been accepted and no one expected that they would be. Those for a blockade are the more dangerous because some results might follow from them, but they are no more respectable.



A MAP SHOWING PRESIDENT EISENHOWER'S ROUTE ON HIS TOUR OF ELEVEN COUNTRIES. THIS HISTORIC JOURNEY ON A SCALE NEVER BEFORE ATTEMPTED BY AN AMERICAN PRESIDENT HAS ITS CLIMAX IN THE WESTERN SUMMIT MEETING WITH THE BRITISH, FRENCH AND GERMAN HEADS OF GOVERNMENT IN PARIS. The route which was planned for President Eisenhower's tour of eleven nations is shown here in a map whose unusual projection helps to convey the magnitude of the task he has undertaken. The route was planned to go by way of Rome (1), Ankara (2), Karachi (3) and Kabul (4), for the President's visit to Mr. Nehru in Delhi (5). Then he turns back through Teheran (6), Athens (7) and Tunis (8), for the Western Summit meeting in Paris (9) that starts on December 18. He returns to Washington by way of Madrid (10) and Rabat (11).

the effects of a procedure such as that urged upon Mr. Macmillan in South Africa itself. It would lead to a further retreat within itself of the Union, an increasing isolation from the thought of the outside world, a decreasing chance that it would ever consider the problem objectively. It would not strengthen those who oppose the South African Government's policy on this subject, wholly or partially. If it were allied with the other action discussed, a boycott, it would be disastrous for them and for South Africa generally, provided a boycott was effective.

The exchanges in the House of Commons were a party matter. The boycott proposals are not

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—I.



## THE RIVIERA, FRANCE. AFTER THE STORMS WHICH LED TO THE FRÉJUS DISASTER: WRECKED SHIPPING AT MONACO.

In the severe storms from December 1 which led up to the Fréjus disaster on December 3, heavy damage was suffered all along the Riviera from Hyères to Genoa. Huge waves swept over the sea-front at Nice and flooded the Promenade des Anglais and other streets. A 25-ft. fishing boat was hurled on to the promenade and a car was flung against an hotel some 30 yards away from the sea wall. The promenade and the Quai des Etats-Unis were covered with pebbles for more than a mile and many cars had to be abandoned in places where the drifts of shingle were more than a foot deep. In a street off the sea-front an old building was threatened with

collapse and some thirty people had to be evacuated by rubber dinghy. As can be seen from our photograph of a small basin at Monaco, much damage was done to small vessels at anchor; and all coastal shipping was brought to a standstill. At Roquebrune Cap Martin fourteen villas were threatened by landslides, and their inhabitants, about seventy persons in all, were evacuated. In many districts roads were cut, trees and telegraph poles were blown down, and near Mentone a landslide blocked the railway line to Ventimiglia. But all these disasters and vicissitudes paled into nothingness beside the dreadful overwhelming of Fréjus.

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—II.



NICE, SOUTH OF FRANCE. THE FAMOUS PROMENADE DES ANGLAIS WHICH HAS BECOME ALMOST INDISTINGUISHABLE FROM THE BEACH THROUGH ITS COVERING OF PEBBLES, SWEEPED UP FROM THE SHORE BY VIOLENT GALES AND TORRENTIAL RAINS.



PORT SAID. POSSIBLY TO BE TURNED INTO A MUSEUM: THE APARTMENT-HOUSE WHERE SECOND-LIEUTENANT MOORHOUSE MET HIS DEATH. The announcement in the Egyptian newspaper, *Al-Ahram*, that the house was to be turned into a museum led to varying reactions. Lord Hinchinbrooke said that he hoped "the Foreign Office would not allow themselves to be panicked into breaking off diplomatic relations by newspaper agitation here and in Egypt."



PRETORIA, SOUTH AFRICA. THE FUNERAL CORTEGE OF THE LATE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF SOUTH AFRICA, DR. E. G. JANSEN, SLOWLY MOVING THROUGH THE CROWDED STREETS. The Governor-General of South Africa, Dr. E. G. Jansen, who died on November 25, and whose obituary appeared in our issue of December 5, was given a full State funeral in Pretoria on November 30. He was buried in the Old Cemetery.



ATLANTIC OCEAN. A PROJECT MERCURY-TYPE CAPSULE, CONTAINING SAM, A LIVE RHESUS MONKEY, BEING RECOVERED BY THE U.S. DESTROYER BORIE. A capsule containing a Rhesus monkey was recently successfully fired from the National Aeronautics and Space experimental station at Wallops Island, Virginia. It was powered by a "Little Joe" rocket.

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—III.



NEAR GIBRALTAR, SPAIN. REFLOATED AFTER RUNNING AGROUND IN A GALE ON NOVEMBER 30: THE UNION-CASTLE LINER *BRAEMAR CASTLE* BOUND FOR LONDON. In a violent south-westerly gale the 17,029-ton *Braemar Castle*, returning to London with about 300 passengers after a two-month cruise around North Africa, ran aground and was heavily pounded by waves before being refloated by tugs. The damage was negligible.



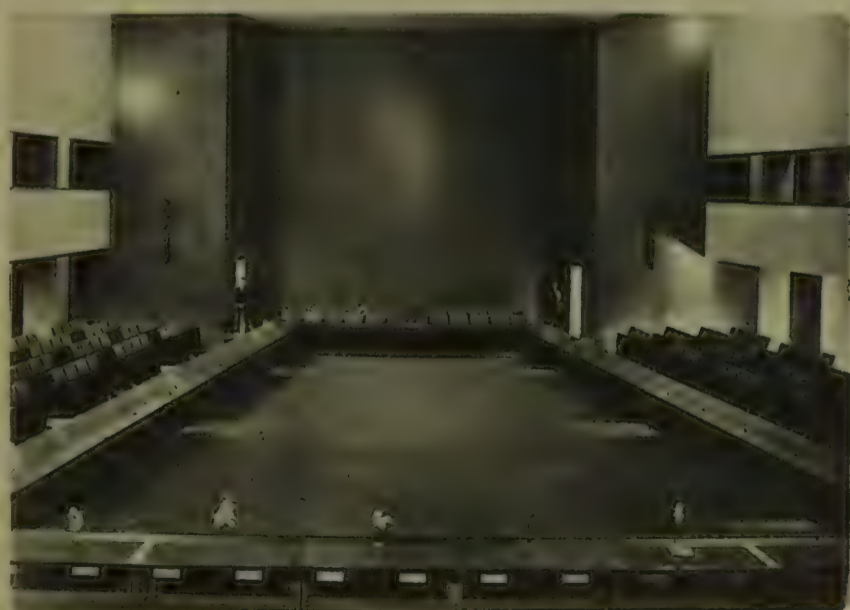
RUSSIA. THE ENORMOUS NEW FLAGSHIP OF THE RUSSIAN WHALING FLEET, *SOVIET UKRAINE*, PREPARING TO SAIL FROM AN UNSPECIFIED PORT. THE SAILORS' FAMILIES WAVE GOOD-BYE. THE SHIP, WHICH WAS LAUNCHED THIS SUMMER, IS NOW CRUISING IN THE ANTARCTIC.



CYPRUS. ARCHBISHOP MAKARIOS MAKING AN ELECTION ADDRESS IN ST. ANDREWS' MONASTERY DURING THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION CAMPAIGN. THE ELECTIONS WILL BE HELD ON DECEMBER 13. In the Cypriot Presidential election campaign which comes to an end with the voting on December 13, Archbishop Makarios is opposed by Mr. John Clerides, who leads a new party, the Cyprus Democratic Union. The Archbishop is seen here making a speech.



BUDAPEST, HUNGARY. AT THE OPENING OF THE HUNGARIAN COMMUNIST PARTY'S SEVENTH CONGRESS: MR. KHRUSHCHEV, MR. KADAR (RIGHT) AND MR. MAROSAN. At the Congress of the Hungarian Communist Party, which opened on November 30, Mr. Kadar, the party secretary, said: "Russian troops will stay in Hungary as long as the international situation makes their presence necessary."



PARIS. A LARGE CONFERENCE ROOM—THERE ARE IN ALL THIRTEEN—IN THE NEW NATO H.Q. BUILDING IN FRANCE, WHERE THE ATLANTIC COUNCIL WILL MEET ON DEC. 15. Although the Atlantic Council is to meet on December 15 in the new NATO headquarters at the Porte Dauphine, in Paris, the building as a whole is not yet ready and the final move will not take place for some weeks. The building has cost about £3,215,000.



PARIS. THE NEW NATO BUILDING FROM THE AIR. ON THE RIGHT LIES THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE, LEFT, THE BOULEVARD LANNES. THE MAIN ENTRANCE IS INSIDE THE "A."

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—IV.



**HAWAII.** SPOUTING TO AN ESTIMATED 1700 FT., AN ALTITUDE RECORD FOR THE ISLAND: THE KILAUEA VOLCANO ERUPTING ON DECEMBER 1.

On November 14, the Kilauea volcano erupted and threw lava, bright orange in colour, in 75-ft.-high columns. Periodic eruptions have occurred since with increasing violence, but the lava, falling into a 800-ft. pit, has not so far endangered neighbouring agricultural land.



**RHODESIA.** KARIBA AS IT IS TO-DAY: AN AERIAL PHOTOGRAPH, SHOWING THE OUTPUT SIDE OF THE GREAT DAM, WITH THE ZAMBESI EMERGING IN WHITE PLUMES, AND, IN THE BACKGROUND, THE GREAT MAN-MADE LAKE, AS IT TAKES SHAPE. THE EFFECT OF THE LAKE ON WILD-LIFE HAS BEEN DISCUSSED IN RECENT ISSUES.



**NEW YORK.** RUSSIA'S GIFT TO THE UNITED NATIONS BUILDING: A LIFE-SIZE MODEL OF THE FIRST RUSSIAN SPUTNIK SUSPENDED OVER THE PUBLIC LOBBY, ALSO ADORNED WITH A CLASSICAL BRONZE.



**CHICAGO, U.S.A.** THE RECOVERABLE PARTS OF A TRANS-WORLD AIRLINES CARGO AIRCRAFT SUPER H THAT CRASHED BEING GATHERED INTO A HANGAR FOR INSPECTION. The recoverable parts of a Trans-World Airlines cargo aircraft that crashed in a residential area were gathered in a hangar. The remains, which might give the cause of the disaster, had to be closely inspected. A 749 Constellation stands in the background.



**THE VATICAN.** PREPARED FOR BLESSING BY POPE JOHN XXIII: THE "MEDALS OF FAITH" WHICH ARE MADE BY THE CISTERCIAN MONKS OF THE OLDEST CHURCH OF THE ORDER IN ROME AND WHICH ARE SOLD FOR CHURCH FUNDS. THE MEDALS ARE MADE OF WAX AND SHOW THE CRUCIFIXION.



**DUSSELDORF, W. GERMANY.** DUAL-PURPOSE HOLES IN THE ROAD: A SCENE ON AN AUTOBAHN.

Germany has for long been a country which paid close attention to the quality of its roads. A recent scheme has been the construction of these perforated concrete slabs, which allow light to reach the ordinary roads beneath, and at the same time act as a demarcation line for motorists above.



**DUSSELDORF.** SHOWING HOW OVERHEAD HIGHWAYS NEED NOT DARKEN THE ROAD RUNNING BELOW.



**BERLIN.** CLAIMED TO BE THE HIGHEST BUILDING IN WEST BERLIN: THE TWENTY-ONE-STORIED TELEFUNKEN OFFICES IN THE ERNST-REUTER PLATZ. THE IMPRESSIVE AND ELEGANT STRUCTURE IS OVER 260 FT. HIGH.

## A VERSATILE MUSE.

"COLLECTED POEMS OF SIR JOHN SQUIRE." WITH AN INTRODUCTION By JOHN BETJEMAN.\*

An Appreciation by SIR CHARLES PETRIE.

JACK SQUIRE has only been dead for a mere twelve months, but he wrote little in his later years except for his weekly article in *The Illustrated London News*, with the not unnatural result that to the younger generation of to-day he seems to belong to a relatively distant past. It is therefore well that this volume of his collected poems should not have been delayed, or there would have been a real danger that by the time it appeared he might have been altogether forgotten, at any rate as a poet: on the other hand, it is impossible not to regret that Mr. Betjeman did not write a longer and more explanatory Introduction, and that he omitted to give the dates on which the various poems were written; they certainly give the impression of being in chronological order, but one cannot be certain.

Squire, as Mr. Betjeman rightly observes, "was at his best as a poet of direct description," but he also excelled in catching the mood of the moment in which he was writing. Particularly was this the case where the First World War was concerned, and it is to be feared that the fact has not assisted his reputation with those who are too young to have experienced the feelings to which that conflict gave rise, especially in its earlier stages, for they were very different from those aroused by its successor. Squire was thirty when it began, and its coming was almost as great a shock to him as it was to Ronnie Knox, though it affected him in a more material manner. To the average Englishman before 1914 sudden death was very remote; even on the battlefield it was unknown upon any considerable scale, and elsewhere it was hardly known at all. I suppose that the two most potent factors in producing sudden death to-day are the motor-car and the aeroplane, but in 1914 the first of these was in its infancy and the second hardly existed. Squire naturally reflected this mood in his poems, and this must be understood if they are to be understood; otherwise such gems as "To a Bull-Dog" are likely to be dismissed as mawkish sentimentality.

Personally, I find the influence of Chesterton and Belloc upon Squire more marked when one reads his poems in a collection than when they are read separately. "Christmas Hymn for Lambeth," provoked by a decision on the part of the Lambeth Guardians that in order that the Poor Law school children might "have an opportunity of appreciating the position of national affairs" in the First World War, they should be deprived of their customary egg on Christmas morning, is pure Belloc:

Dock their food, and when they're starvin'  
They'll perhaps attend to Garvin.  
Eggs is eggs, and eggs is dear,  
They shall have no eggs this year.

So is "A New Song of the Bishop of London," prompted by a proposal to pull down nineteen City churches:

But our Mother the Church has learnt of late  
That to speculate  
In real estate

Brings money along at a greater rate  
Than passing around the bag,  
So she's found the capital value out  
Of St. John's Within and St. Jude's Without,  
And the churches will all go up the spout,  
And Balham will get the swag.

Squire was, indeed, no inconsiderable wit, but, in the main, a kindlier one than Belloc: could it have been because he received the official recognition which was denied to the other?

The versatility of Squire has not always obtained the attention which it deserves, but it is very obvious in these pages. We have seen how he could reflect the mood of the moment, but he could also write a first-class long poem with a

spoil some of his poems, for one gets the impression that the thread of his inspiration has been lost through some external distraction before he had time to finish the work.

Although Squire's name was made in Fleet Street in the days when he was putting the literary world in his debt by editing *The London Mercury*, he was at heart a countryman, and it was to the country that he returned in the last years of his life. His understanding of it is well displayed in his poems—"Fen Landscape" is an excellent example of this:

Wind waves the reeds by the river,  
Grey sky lids the leaden water.  
Ducks fly low across the water,  
Three flying: one quacks sadly.

Grey are the sky and  
the water,  
Green the lost ribbons  
of reed-beds,  
Small in the silence a  
black boat  
Floats upon wide pale  
mirrors.

Indeed, I have sometimes wondered whether his interest in cricket was due to a devotion to the game for its own sake, or whether he was attracted to it by the rural setting in which he himself was always accustomed to play it.

Will Squire live as a poet? This is a very difficult question to answer, for he was so many other things as well. In the annals of literature he will always have a place on account of *The London Mercury*, and of the encouragement he gave in its pages to young authors, while readers of *The Illustrated London News* do not need to be reminded of his powers as a critic. These were based upon a combination of three factors—his humanity, his encyclopædic knowledge, and his felicitous style. He was never one of those "superior" critics who seek to convey the impression with every book that comes their way that they could have written a much better one themselves had they put their hand

to it. As I said in this column eighteen months ago, Squire was not in the least like that. He made every allowance for the difficulties of an author, he drew upon his own knowledge, which he allowed to sit very lightly upon him, and the result was as often as not an important contribution to the subject of which the work in question treated.

Nevertheless, to say that he will be remembered as an editor and as a critic does not answer the question about his status as a poet. He was not possessed of the outstanding genius of T. S. Eliot, and he founded no school in spite of the sneers that have been made with regard to the "Squirearchy," but, all the same, this volume contains a number of poems which one would not like to think will be forgotten. For those who knew Squire well there is much to recall an old and valued friend.

\*"Collected Poems of Sir John Squire." Introduction by John Betjeman. (Macmillan; 25s.)



THE AUTHOR OF THE COLLECTED POEMS REVIEWED BY SIR CHARLES PETRIE ON THIS PAGE: THE LATE SIR JOHN SQUIRE WHO WROTE THIS PAGE FOR OVER TWENTY YEARS—UNTIL SHORTLY BEFORE HIS DEATH LAST YEAR.

Poet, playwright, essayist, autobiographer, journalist, editor—Sir John Squire was born in Plymouth in 1884. Leaving Cambridge in 1906, he became Literary Editor of the *New Statesman* in 1913, and Editor of the incomparable *London Mercury* in 1919, a post he held until 1934. His interests were multifarious, and included the preservation of old buildings, politics and cricket, but his chief love was poetry, and it is as a poet that he most wished to be remembered. His respect for the profession of poet sometimes exceeded that of other poets for him; but if certain men of letters tended to snipe and sneer, there were many more who admired him as a writer and loved him as a man. He was knighted in 1933, and readers of *The Illustrated London News* will remember with pleasure that he wrote this page for over twenty years. In the last months of his life he was engaged in preparing this volume. He died in December of last year. (Photograph by Clayton Evans.)

wealth of descriptive detail. To quote Mr. Betjeman:

He was a man of feeling rather than of reason, and, for me, his talent for writing descriptive poetry reaches its climax in two long poems towards the end of the book, "The Rugger Match" and "The Stockyard." Here emotion, narrative power and the gift of choosing exactly the right words in the right order combine to make two poems wholly original and wholly Squire.

What is also not always realised, except perhaps by those who read him in this paper, is that he was a man of very wide culture. I remember some twenty or more years ago sitting in a Dorset garden one afternoon with him and another friend who was very knowledgeable in matters of natural history. "How many British mammals are there?" he suddenly asked Squire, who instantly gave the right number. The incident is typical of his store of out-of-the-way information, which, in its turn, was derived from his manifold activities. It must, however, be admitted that these activities do on occasion

## AN ARCHÆOLOGICAL FIND PRESENTED WITH IMAGINATION—IN THE VATICAN.



FIG. 1. A MOST INGENIOUS AND INTERESTING PIECE OF ARCHÆOLOGICAL PRESERVATION. THIS EARLY CEMETERY WAS FOUND WHILE DIGGING FOUNDATIONS FOR A VATICAN GARAGE. IT HAS BEEN PRESERVED AS FOUND, THE GARAGE BEING BUILT ABOVE IT. IT IS HERE SEEN FROM THE SOUTH-EAST CORNER (SEE FIG. 3).



FIG. 2. LOOKING UP THE CEMETERY, WHICH WAS BUILT HIGGLEDY-PIGGLEDY ON A HILLSIDE, TOWARDS THE GALLERY WHERE INDIVIDUAL FINDS ARE EXHIBITED. IN THE FOREGROUND, THE GRAVESTONE OF JULIA SABINA; AND CENTRE, RIGHT, AN AMPHORA CREMATION BURIAL WITH A LIBATION TUBE STILL STANDING IN THE MOUTH.

On the following pages Mr. J. B. Ward Perkins describes the accidental discovery of a Roman cemetery during excavations for the foundations of a new garage in the Vatican precincts. The discovery is most important in as much as it provides corroborative evidence in support of the belief that St. Peter's tomb lay beneath the actual basilica, as is explained in the article; but the

photographs above also demonstrate the brilliant and imaginative way in which the Vatican authorities have preserved the remains of the cemetery *in situ* in, as it were, the basement of the new garage. This is, of course, something which can only be attempted on a site where access would always be restricted to a limited number of persons.

## A ROMAN CEMETERY NEWLY DISCOVERED IN THE VATICAN WHICH THROWS LIGHT ON THE CONTROVERSIAL QUESTION OF ST. PETER'S GRAVE.

By J. B. WARD PERKINS, Director of the British School at Rome.

(Photographs reproduced by courtesy of the Photographic Archive of the Vatican Museum.)

THE group of tombs which forms the subject of this article was found by chance in the autumn of 1956 while clearing the site for a new garage within the Vatican City. Work was immediately suspended to allow for the examination and exploration of the site, and by modifying the plan of the new building it was found possible to preserve the whole excavated area just as it was found, beneath the garage floor. The result is not only an important addition to our knowledge of early Imperial Rome; it is also a remarkable piece of imaginative archaeological display, and one which speaks highly for the enlightenment of the Vatican authorities and for the skill and enterprise of the excavator, Professor Filippo Magi, Acting Director of the Vatican Museums.

The site of the discovery (Fig. 4) lies just outside the line of the mediæval and Renaissance fortifications, within the angle of the Vatican City that projects towards the Piazza del Risorgimento. The area is one which is given over largely to modern administrative buildings, and only the line of the walls and, beyond them, the towering bulk of the Papal Palace, remind the observer that in antiquity these were the steep eastern slopes of the Vatican Hill, the ancient *Mons Vaticanus*. There are sporadic records of similar finds ever since the adjoining quarter of the modern city was first laid out in 1884, and all alike must belong to the roadside cemeteries of the Via Triumphalis. This was the oldest of the roads leading north from Rome, crossing the Tiber opposite the early city and forking at the foot of the Vatican Hill. One branch, usually identified as the Via Cornelia, bore left across what is now the Piazza San Pietro and beneath the southern flank of the basilica, skirting the southern slopes of the hill; it is in the cemeteries beside this road that St. Peter is believed to have been buried. The other branch, the Via Triumphalis proper, kept to the right and, after running for some distance along the foot of the eastern slopes of the hill, it climbed steeply to the higher ground of Monte Mario just behind the Papal Observatory. Within the Vatican its course is still marked by the Via S. Pellegrino, and a stretch of the actual Roman paving and another group of roadside tombs were found some thirty years ago in digging foundations for the Papal Annona building, barely 100 yards to the south-east of the new cemetery.

The cemetery consists of a number of small, square mausolea, interspersed with free-standing inscribed monuments and humble, trenched graves, the visible markers of most of which have long ago perished. In antiquity the hillside was a great deal steeper than it has since become, with a rise of nearly 15 ft. in 35, and it is against this steep slope that the tombs are laid out in tiers separated by narrow winding paths (Fig. 3). They owe their preservation to the shifting nature of the hillside, which had already damaged some and buried others of the earlier tombs while the cemetery was still in use, and which subsequently buried the whole site beneath a thick protecting bank of earth and clay. Not the least of the problems that faced Professor Magi in restoring the site after excavation was that of stabilising this clay soil, which, when dry, tends rapidly to crack and to disintegrate. This was done by spraying the exposed surfaces with a silica solution, with excellent results.

The earliest identifiable grave (Fig. 3, No. 3) is that of which Fig. 9 illustrates part of the back wall, together with several of the later graves cut after it had been filled in and buried from sight. It consists of a rectangular, doorwayless enclosure, measuring 11 by 13 ft. internally and datable, from its masonry, to the very beginning of the 1st century A.D.; it was open to the sky, and in the rear wall there were two rows of five recesses for ash-urns. With the exception of this last feature, this tomb is a typical example of the earliest known type of communal funerary

monument known to the Romans, namely, the *bustum sepulcrum*, a plain, rectangular enclosure in which, contrary to the normal later practice of burning the bodies at a pyre (*ustrinum*) that was quite distinct from the actual tomb, burning and burial took place within the same enclosure. Similar *busta* have been found in the Porta Laurentina cemetery at Ostia, where again they date from the earliest phases of the site and antedate the familiar *columbaria* of 1st-century practice. The latter were roofed buildings, with tiers of small

built-in recesses for ash-urns (whence the name; literally "dove-cot"), and the particular interest of this tomb is that, by incorporating two rows of these ash-urn recesses, it marks the first tentative step in the evolution of the type of monumental house-tomb which was to dominate the cemeteries of Rome and Ostia for the next two centuries, and which is so well exemplified in the other Vatican cemetery, that underneath St. Peter's.

Fig. 8 illustrates a small 1st-century *columbarium* of conventional type (Fig. 3, No. 6), one of the two tombs to retain substantial traces of their original painted decoration, in this case a deep red, pergola-like framework on a white ground, set with green and red plants (a stock motif of Roman funerary symbolism) and with red and yellow streamers. There were several later *columbaria*, all rather more elaborate, with niches or projecting features in the middle of one or more sides,

for paintings or portrait busts or, in one case, a seated stucco figure. Later again, in the 2nd century, the steadily increasing popularity of inhumation led to the important development in tomb-design illustrated in Fig. 7, where the lowest row of cremation recesses in each wall has given place to a single large inhumation recess. In this instance (Fig. 3, No. 4) the original black-and-white mosaic pavement has survived intact; usually it has been destroyed piecemeal to make way for further inhumation burials.

Although the cemetery remained in use into the 4th century, most of the later burials were simple graves inserted among the earlier tombs. The only later monument of substance is a large building (Fig. 3, No. 5) which occupies the northern end of the site, consisting of a multiple series of masonry-built *formæ*, or coffin-shaped recesses, stacked one above the other in a manner that recalls the serried ranks of burials in the catacombs. There is nothing, however, to suggest that these were Christian graves. Indeed, there is an absence of any trace of Christianity that is in pointed contrast to the situation within the cemetery under St. Peter's.

Side by side with the more ambitious mausolea, there were also a number of simpler tombs, chest-like structures of masonry, cremations in large earthenware wine-jars, or simple inhumation burials beneath tiles, many of them furnished with terracotta pipes for the pouring of libations to the dead beneath (e.g., Fig. 10), and marked on the surface by inscribed gravestones. Some of these were found still in position, while many others were found scattered throughout the cemetery,

giving a wealth of picturesque information about its owners and occupants. One of the more elaborate of them (Fig. 11) portrays an estate slave of Nero, Nunnus, and his wife, who bears the unusual, probably Asiatic, name of Ma. This is one of several inscriptions that were certainly erected before the death and disgrace of Nero in A.D. 67. Another, close by (Fig. 10), commemorates Verecunda Veneria, a slave of Nero on the estate known as the Servilian Gardens (*horti Serviliani*), and was erected by her husband, Saturninus, a library-clerk in the Latin library of the same estate. The Servilian Gardens were a park and luxurious villa in the suburbs of Rome, equipped with a fine collection of statues and, as we now learn, a library. They were a favourite residence of Nero, and they have hitherto been thought to lie near the road to Ostia, at the opposite end of the city. Now, from this and other inscriptions, Professor Magi has been able to show conclusively that they lay close by, possibly even on the Vatican Hill itself, at the foot of which so many of the estate servants were buried.

The value of these excavations has been greatly enhanced by the fact that the cemetery can still be seen and studied very much in the conditions in which it was found when first cleared. The superficial debris with which it was littered has been removed to the adjoining walls, but as far as possible everything that was found in or near its original position has been left in place. Inscriptions, tomb offerings, libation tubes, fragments of decoration, all those features which, out of place, have so little meaning, are here at hand to illustrate the monuments to which they belonged. Even more important, it has been found possible to build the garage above without breaking up the unity of the archaeological complex beneath (Figs. 1-2). The remains of the cemetery still stand, terraced down the hillside, much as they did in antiquity. Around the walls above are grouped illustrative plans and diagrams, together with those objects that were already out of place when found, or else were too small and fragile to leave in place. Notable among the latter are a complete scribe's equipment with a bone stylus and paper-knife, an eraser of pumice-stone, two small bronze dishes and a bronze inkwell (Fig. 6), the contents of which proved, on analysis, to be the remains of an ink almost identical with the modern Indian ink; a miniature bronze horseman (Fig. 5); and—a considerable rarity—an asbestos bag (Fig. 12), used during cremation to keep the human ashes separate from those of the pyre.

What is the relation of this cemetery to that which was excavated between 1941 and 1949 beneath the basilica of St. Peter's, some 300 yards to the south-west? The latter is a typical middle-class Roman cemetery of the 2nd and 3rd centuries A.D., notable chiefly for the remarkable state of preservation of many of the tombs as a result of having been incorporated, in some cases almost intact, within the enormous platform that carried Constantine's church. The main purpose of the excavations was to examine the truth of the tradition that the High Altar of the present church marks the site of St. Peter's grave; and although the excavators were not able to offer any conclusive proof of this fact, they were able to show that Constantine's purpose in his church was to do honour to a building that stood within the cemetery, a modest shrine which

must have been built soon after A.D. 160 and which, in view of its later history, was assuredly put up by the early Christian community. The shrine was ransacked by the Saracens in 846, and we shall probably never know for certain what exactly it was that they removed from beneath it. The most that can be said is that the surviving indications are fully consistent with the supposition that the purpose of the shrine was to mark the resting-place of a body which had been disturbed by the builders of the 2nd-century cemetery, and which (for reasons at which we now only guess) the contemporary Christians identified as that of St. Peter.

This supposition implies that the Vatican Hill was available for such humble burials as early as the 'sixties of the 1st century A.D.; [Continued overleaf.]

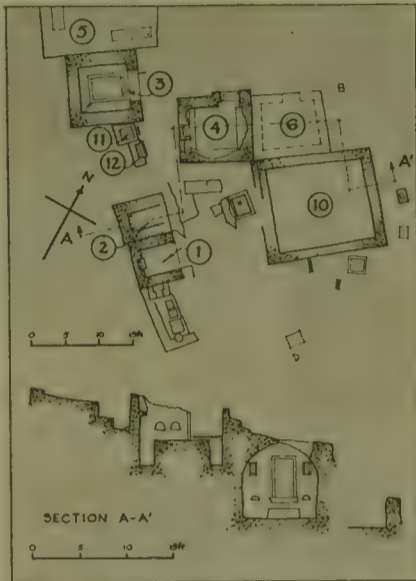


FIG. 3. A PLAN OF PART OF THE CEMETERY EXCAVATED ON THE SITE OF THE NEW VATICAN GARAGE—SEE FIG. 4.

The plan above almost exactly conforms with the portion shown in Fig. 1 and the individual tombs referred to in text and illustrations can be checked against both. The lower part of the diagram, a section along the axis A-A', shows the steep slope of the site.



FIG. 4. THE VATICAN AND ITS ENVIRONS: A PLAN SHOWING WHERE THE ANCIENT ROMAN ROADS, THE VIA TRIUMPHALIS AND THE VIA CORNELIA, RAN; AND THE SITE OF THE GARAGE EXCAVATION WHICH REVEALED THE CEMETERY OF THE TIME OF NERO AND LATER.

# TOMBS, LIBATION TUBES AND AN ASBESTOS BAG, FROM THE "VATICAN GARAGE" CEMETERY.



FIG. 5. FROM THE NEWLY-DISCOVERED VATICAN CEMETERY: A SMALL STATUETTE IN BRONZE OF A HORSE AND HORSEMAN. ACTUAL LENGTH, 1 IN.

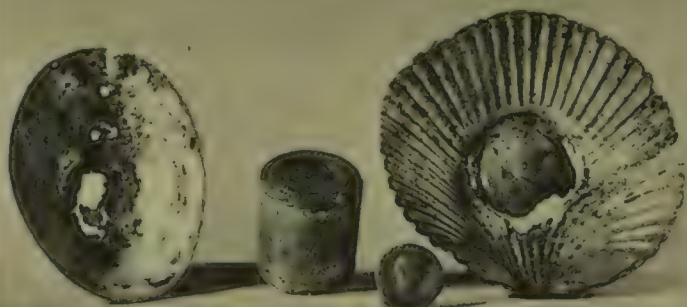


FIG. 6. PART OF A SCRIBE'S EQUIPMENT, WITH A COIN OF DOMITIAN. THE INKWELL IN THE CENTRE CONTAINED DRIED INK ALMOST IDENTICAL IN ANALYSIS WITH MODERN INDIAN INK.



FIG. 7. TOMB NO. 4 (SEE FIG. 3) WITH ITS FINE BLACK AND WHITE MOSAIC. IT EXHIBITS A CHARACTERISTIC SECOND-CENTURY COMBINATION OF CREMATION RECESSES AND INHUMATION BURIALS.

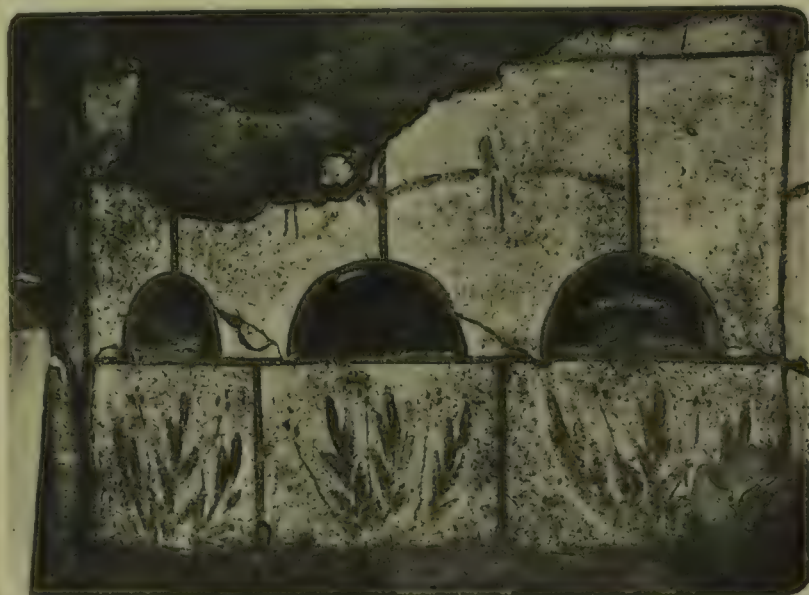


FIG. 8. TOMB NO. 6. THIS IS A SMALL COLUMBARIUM OF THE 1ST CENTURY A.D. WITH PAINTED DECORATION IN RED, GREEN AND YELLOW ON WHITE.

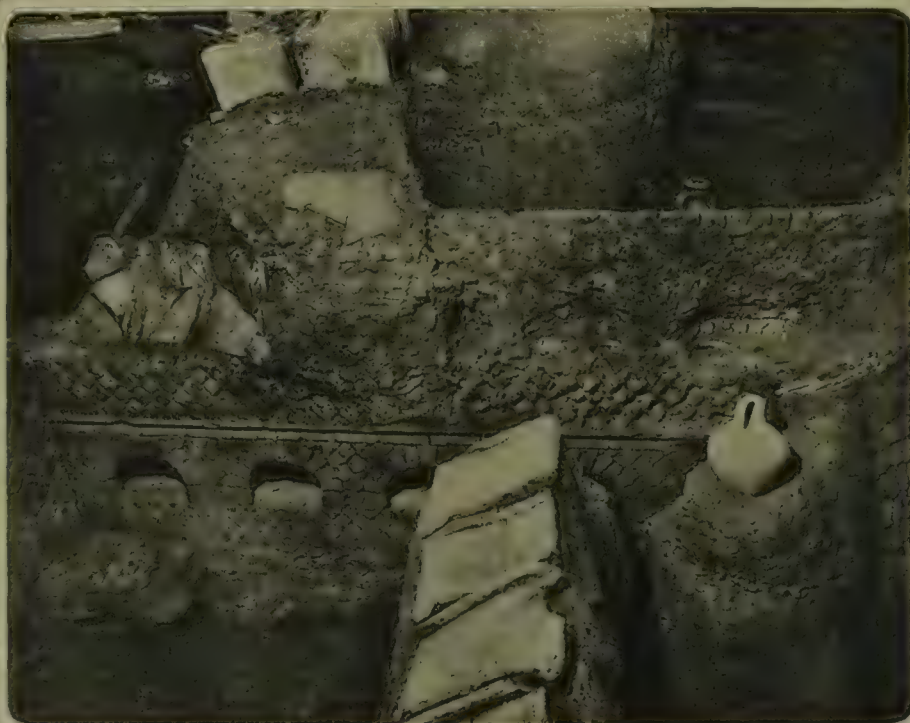


FIG. 9. THE EARLIEST MONUMENT ON THE SITE: TOMB NO. 10. IN THE BACK WALL ARE ASH-URN RECESSES, WHILE IN THE FOREGROUND ARE TWO TILE-COVERED GRAVES, DUG IN AT A LATER DATE.

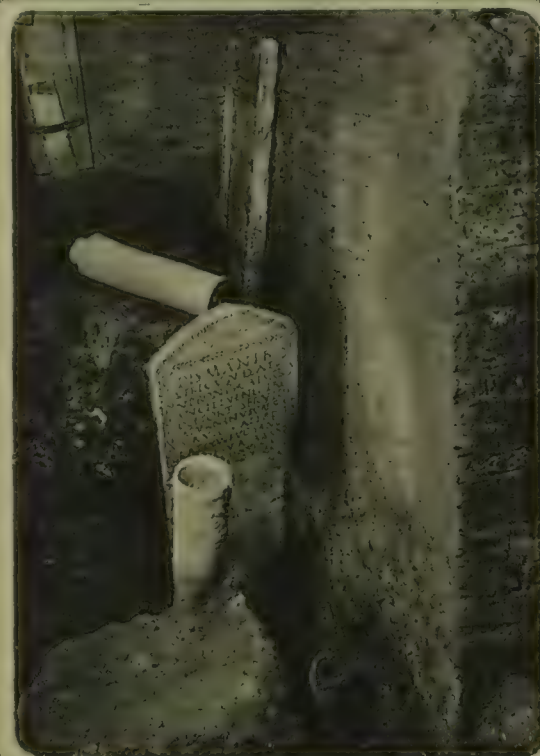


FIG. 10. THE GRAVESTONE OF VERECUNDIA VENERIA, WIFE OF A LIBRARY-CLERK OF THE EMPEROR'S VILLA. FOREGROUND, LIBATION TUBES LEADING TO LATER GRAVES.



FIG. 11. THE GRAVESTONE OF NUNNIUS, AN ESTATE SLAVE OF NERO'S, AND HIS WIFE (WITH THE UNUSUAL NAME OF MA).

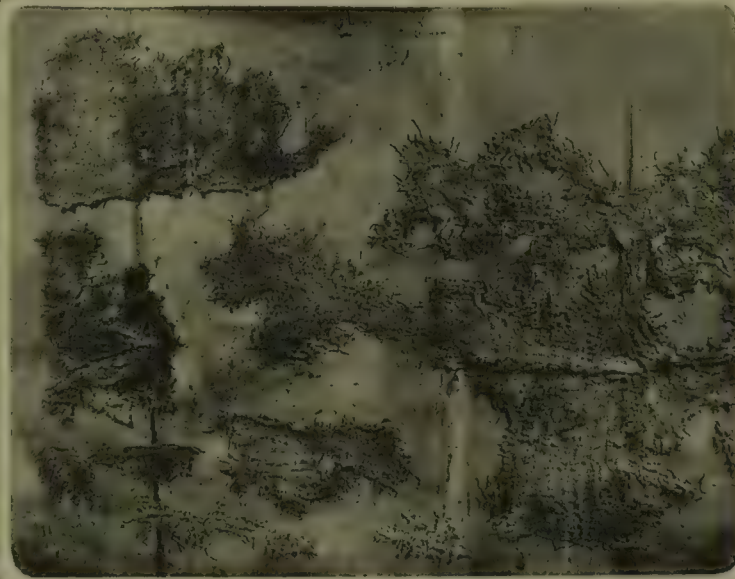


FIG. 12. A NOTABLE RARITY: FRAGMENTS OF AN ASBESTOS BAG USED TO SEPARATE THE HUMAN ASHES FROM THE ASHES OF THE PYRE. VERY FEW OTHER EXAMPLES OF THIS ARE KNOWN.

*Continued.* and a number of influential historians and topographers have argued that, being Imperial property, it could not in fact have been so used until after the death of Nero and the breaking up of his estates in this area. The falseness of this argument is now demonstrated beyond dispute. Already in Nero's reign, and for some before it, there was a poor but flourishing cemetery along the eastern slopes of the Vatican Hill beside the Via Triumphalis,

and there can no longer be any *a priori* reason to question the existence of a similar cemetery along its southern counterpart, beside the Via Cornelia. We are no nearer to proving that the latter was indeed the Apostle's resting-place. But one of the more substantial arguments against the truth of that tradition can now be seen to be without foundation.

DYSON PERRINS MSS.: A WORLD RECORD £65,000 FOR AN "APOCALYPSE."



**E**t abhulit me i desai. in spu  
z iudimudam fedatit sup  
betham cocancam plenam  
notumit blasphemie. habentem capita  
vii z ocnua decora. Et mulier erat ecudata  
purpura z ceco z inauata auro z lapide  
pretioso z margaritis habens iurulum au  
reum in manu sua plenum abhonna  
cione z inmundicia fornicationis et nome  
scriptum mysticum. Babilon magna m  
fornicationum z abhonnationum ceto



"THE RAISING OF LAZARUS": A LEAF FROM THE 12TH-CENTURY BURY ST. EDMUNDS BIBLE, WHICH SOLD FOR £22,000. (Page size: 6½ by 4½ ins.)



"DAVID PLAYING TO SAUL, AND KILLING GOLIATH": FROM A LEAF OF THE FRENCH 13TH-CENTURY PSALTER OF WENCESLAS WHICH SOLD FOR £26,000. (Page size: 7½ by 5½ ins.)



"PSALM 51, WITH DECORATIONS SHOWING SCENES OF DOEG, DAVID AND AHIMELECH": FROM A 12TH-CENTURY PSALMS COMMENTARY WHICH SOLD FOR £20,000. (Page size: 16 by 11½ ins.)

Our issue of October 3 contained a page announcing the sale of the second part of the celebrated Dyson Perrins manuscript collection at Sotheby's on December 1. Last year the first part of this collection fetched £326,620, and the American bookseller, Mr. H. P. Kraus, made something of a sensation by paying the record price of £39,000 for one manuscript. On this second occasion the total was £293,030, and the top price again broke the world auction record, Mr. Kraus again being the buyer. The manuscript

was a superb mid-13th-century English Apocalypse from St. Albans, containing eighty-two miniatures, one on each page. The text of the Apocalypse is not given in full, but in the form of extracts which explain the pictures. One of the leaves is illustrated on this page. Three other manuscripts (also illustrated here) reached prices of £20,000 or over. Another high price—£17,500—was paid for a 15th-century Italian edition of that popular romance of chivalry, the "Meschino da Durazzo."



A KEEN YOUNG HORSEWOMAN: PRINCESS ANNE INTENT ON CARRYING HER PONY'S HARNESS. HER MOTHER LOOKS ON WITH OBVIOUS APPROVAL OF HER ABILITY.



PRINCESS ANNE UNHARNESSING HER PONY, "GREENSLEEVES," WHILE THE QUEEN HOLDS THE PONY, "WILLIAM," ON WHICH PRINCE CHARLES AND THE PRINCESS LEARNED TO RIDE.

#### PRINCESS ANNE AND THE QUEEN WITH THEIR PONIES: A FAVOURITE RELAXATION OF THE ROYAL FAMILY.

Here we show Princess Anne with the Queen after enjoying one of the Royal family's favourite relaxations—riding. In this issue appear some magnificent colour pictures of Princess Anne who celebrated her ninth birthday this year. In the lower photograph the Princess attends to

her own pony, "Greensleeves," with great expertise, while the Queen stands by "William," the pony on which both her children learned to ride. It is the tradition that Royal children learn to ride early in life, to accustom them to ceremonial and military occasions in which they will have to take part.

*Photographs by Studio Lisa Ltd.*



PREPARING FOR TRADITIONAL CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES: A VICTORIAN GIRL GATHERING MISTLETOE—PAINTED BY MILLAIS.

Sir John Millais' delightful picture, "The Mistletoe Gatherer," was painted in 1884 and is one of an extensive series which Millais made in his middle years—mostly studies of young girls rather shabbily dressed but portrayed with such sentiment and charm that they became probably the most widely-loved paintings of the Victorian era. The most celebrated of this group of

child-studies by Millais, the ever-popular "Cherry Ripe," is reproduced in colour in our Christmas number. Millais was brought into the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood largely through the influence of William Holman Hunt. Later, Millais found worldly success and was elected President of the Royal Academy in the year of his death, 1896. (Oil on canvas: 53 by 38 ins.)

*From the Robinson Collection, reproduced by courtesy of Princess Labia.*



PRINCESS ANNE ON HER PONY "GREENSLEEVES" IN THE GROUNDS AT FROGMORE, NEAR WINDSOR. SHE LEARNED TO RIDE VERY SOON IN LIFE AND SHE IS DEVOTED TO HORSES.



WITH THE QUEEN ON A HOT DAY IN THE GARDEN AT WINDSOR CASTLE: PRINCESS ANNE CUDDLING HER CORGI "SUGAR." SHE CELEBRATED HER NINTH BIRTHDAY THIS YEAR.



A PROUD MEMBER OF THE FIRST BUCKINGHAM PALACE BROWNIE PACK: PRINCESS ANNE WEARING HER UNIFORM IN THE GROUNDS OF THE PALACE, WHERE THE PACK MEETS.



WITH A BOAT ON THE LAKE AT FROGMORE: THE YOUNG PRINCESS LEARNING TO TAKE AFTER HER SAILOR FATHER. SHE HAS MANY FRIENDS OF HER OWN AGE.

#### FROM RIDING TO THE BROWNIES: SOME DELIGHTFUL STUDIES OF PRINCESS ANNE.

The Welsh pony "Greensleeves," which she is seen riding here at Frogmore, is a great favourite of Princess Anne's. For generations now in the Royal family there has been a continued interest in horses which the Princess shares. Both she and Prince Charles learned to ride on a pony called "William." The charming picture of the Queen with Princess Anne gives a hint of the importance of family life to a young girl, especially one so much in the public eye. She has many friends of her own age; her two greatest friends are Susan Babington Smith and Janet Hamilton. They take part with her in the lessons

that she attends at Buckingham Palace. She also comes into contact with other girls in the Brownie pack to which she belongs and whose uniform she is seen proudly wearing here. Last year she began to learn simple ballet steps in her dancing classes. This year she began to have lessons from a French tutor. However, as can be seen in these pictures, life for her does not consist entirely of lessons; there are long holidays with the rest of her family at Balmoral, Sandringham and Windsor to which she can look forward to enjoy and where she is free from too much public attention.

Photographs by Studio Lisa Ltd.



#### A CHARMING STUDY OF PRINCESS ANNE WITH "SUGAR," A ROYAL CORGI, IN THE GARDEN OF WINDSOR CASTLE.

Princess Anne, who celebrated her ninth birthday on August 15, is shown here in the garden of Windsor Castle with one of the famous Royal corgis, "Sugar." She has obviously inherited the Royal family's love of dogs, and she is devoted to riding, which she began learning at an early age. She was born at Clarence House in the August of 1950 with the title of Princess Anne Elizabeth Alice Louise of Edinburgh. Elizabeth is the name of both her mother and her maternal grandmother. Alice is the name of her paternal

grandmother, Princess Andrew of Greece. As with her elder brother, Prince Charles, who is two years older than she, the greatest care is being taken with her education. Although she has not been sent away to boarding school like Prince Charles, she attends lessons with other girls of her own age in Buckingham Palace. She has also been enrolled as a Brownie in the first Buckingham Palace Brownie pack which holds its meetings in the grounds of the Palace or inside. The pack was re-formed this year.

Photograph by Studio Lisa Ltd.



PROBABLE IDENTIFICATION: (LEFT-HAND PAGE): EAGLE, DUCK, DRAKE, TWO RED-LEGGED PARTRIDGES, GOLDFINCH, TWO CHAFFINCHES, WOODCOCK, GREY-LAG GOOSE, CHAFFINCH (?); (RIGHT-HAND PAGE): TWO CRANES (BLUE AND WHITE), MALLARD, WREN (?), MALLARD, TWO DUCKS, SWAN, TWO COCKS, ORTOLAN BUNTING, COCK, THREE CRANES.



PROBABLE IDENTIFICATION: (LEFT-HAND PAGE): UNKNOWN, ORTOLAN BUNTING, BAT, GREEN WOODPECKER, NIGHTINGALE, LARK, SQUIRREL, CUCKOO (?), GREENLAND FALCON, CUCKOO (?), CRANE, CUCKOO (?), SPOONBILL, CAT, HERRING GULL, MERMAID; (RIGHT-HAND PAGE): FOUR FALCONS (?), MALLARD, HAWK AND MALLARD, MOORHEN (?), BULLFINCH.

#### BIRD STUDIES OF 600 YEARS AGO: LEAVES FROM THE 14TH-CENTURY SKETCH-BOOK OF AN ENGLISH MONK.

These remarkable pages are from a mediæval monk's sketch-book now in the Pepys Library at Magdalene College, Cambridge. Other pages contain studies of animals, draped figures and various other sketches. There are several theories about the book. The sketches were probably intended for

use in paintings, embroidery and in illustrating books. Some of it, at least, may be a copy of an Italian sketch-book—the Red-legged Partridge, for example, was not introduced into Great Britain until the 18th century. We are indebted to Dr. David Lack for many of the identifications.

*Reproduced by courtesy of the Master and Fellows of Magdalene College, Cambridge.*



AND I do not mean exotic ivy creeping over pieces of iron wire, although there is nothing, certainly, against that; it is, however, an attribute of the interior

decoration of the room, and not of the garden. The fact is, I am not much of a pot-plant man, so that any plant that can survive the sort of neglect it is apt to receive at my hands, not to mention the air of a room with a chimney which often smokes, is really tough.

And, although the house is surrounded by garden, I would not be quite without a few plants in pots to stand on window seats or sills. I do bar—I have my fingers firmly crossed—those enormous cyclamens; I do not much like azaleas in pots and, unlike Catherine Moreland, I have never learnt to love a hyacinth, a lumpish flower with false colours and too much scent. But I should not like to lose our two big pots of billbergia.

One day a couple of years ago my wife came home from the market with a small plant in a pot. It looked like a young pineapple plant—incidentally, the Queen pineapple plant, with its silver and shell-pink leaves, makes one of the most beautiful of all pot plants—and it had one flower which was most curious, dark red, indigo and very pale greenish-yellow on a long stalk rising from the heart of the tuft of harsh, narrow, dark-green leaves. This plant not only grew very well in the cool greenhouse, but proved astonishingly easy to propagate from suckers, and in due course we had two very large, free-flowering clumps in large glazed flower-pots brought home from France, where they cost about two shillings instead of half a guinea.

The points about billbergias as room-plants (and, to be honest, I do not know which of the fifty-odd species ours belongs to) are that they will, apparently, put up with anything and always look well, whether in flower or not. You can forget to water them for weeks, even in a room with a fire, and they still flourish. On the days when the ancient chimney in the room where they stand belches smoke into the room, which it does when the wind is a point or two west of north, other plants soon start to show brown leaves and a general air of misery. Billbergias are perfectly indifferent to such atrocious conditions. On the other hand, they seem equally able to stand a period of over-watering, despite the fact that bad drainage is said to be fatal to them. They come, by the way, from Mexico and Brazil, one of which countries is apt to be arid, the other drenched, so it is no wonder they are tolerant!

Of all the pelargoniums, we have long grown one in particular for the house, an old variety called "Black Vesuvius." Its very dark, well-marked leaves are rarely larger than half a crown, and its flowers, so copious that the whole plant is covered with them at the height of its season, are also small but of a fiery vermilion you can almost warm your hands at. Like all pelargoniums, it is impossible to fail with cuttings, and these we grow in the greenhouse, bringing an irregular but plentiful supply of "Black Vesuvius" into the house as required. Old plants of this variety become large and shrubby, their leaves getting smaller and darker, almost purple, as the plant ages. This pelargonium seems very tolerant of room conditions, excepting that it will not stand being deprived of light.

Another pot plant which should not be moved away from the window is the charming little miniature fig-tree, *Ficus diversifolia*, of which I have managed to kill two specimens by careless treatment. This shrub is about 1 ft. to 15 ins. tall and broad in proportion, does quite well in a small pot, looks exactly like a large fig-tree excepting

## IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

### PLANTS INDOORS.

By EDWARD HYAMS.

that the leaves are either nearly or quite entire, and is perpetually covered with miniature greenish-yellow figs. I think it wants fairly frequent spells out in the greenhouse if it is to be kept growing healthily. An even more delightful miniature fruit-tree which looks very attractive on a table in a decorative pot is the tiny mulberry, *Morus acidosa*. There is a pomegranate in the same miniature class, admirable for its flowers, like all that genus. Finally, and best of all if you can get it, but I have yet to see one in England, is the miniature orange-tree, fruiting and flowering

To revert for a moment to pelargoniums, we are never without three or four of the old scented geranium plants in pots about the house. They, too, will stand a great deal of neglect, do perfectly well in most rooms, and provide one with a supply of leaves to pinch for the pleasure of the nose, leaves which are themselves beautiful against any background which allows their lacy form to be seen clearly.

A method of keeping the house provided with green plants of pleasant form and scent at an expense of nothing is to plant, from time to time, the pips of lemons, oranges or grape-fruit. All grow very readily at room temperatures, all have richly-green, glossy leaves, and these, especially in the case of lemon seedlings, are sweetly scented. On the other hand, all have ferocious thorns and all grow too big for most rooms in three seasons. It is, however, easy enough to grow new ones. If you have room, of course, you can grow them on in the hope of flowers and fruit. A grape-fruit tree of mine, which we kept on in the greenhouse after it became too big for the rooms in the house, flowered in its fifth year and set one grape-fruit which attained the size of a small orange, but was sweet and of good flavour.

Of all the room-plants grown from seeds, however, the one I cherish for its admirable form and the beauty of its leaf colour and bearing is avocado pear. The huge seeds of this most delectable of savoury fruits will, if planted in a pot of good loam and kept warm, germinate very readily, and a good room plant will result in the first season. It will be at its handsomest in the second year, getting too big in its third, and unmanageable in its fourth.

A plant which, with us, is willy-nilly a house plant, although it certainly ought not to be, is my precious night-flowering cereus, *Selenicereus grandiflorus*. Determined to flower one of these strange cacti, I obtained a small cutting from a friend, rooted it, and set it growing in a pot. The difficulty is that while it does well in the greenhouse, in full sun, during the summer, we do not, in the winter, maintain the sort of temperature it requires. So it is brought into the house for the winter. There it does well enough—not that we have yet enjoyed one of the enormous night-blooming, heavily-scented flowers—but in its third year the plant is only just manageable, being 7 ft. tall. As it is apt to grow a yard per annum, one of two things is going to happen. We shall get stuck with it either in the greenhouse, or in the house, for a moment will come when it will be too unwieldy to shift. However, I shall persist obstinately in the hope of a flower before that unhappy day arrives.

This cereus is the only cactus I have ever grown, but another interesting kind of plant which we used for room decoration for some years was sempervivum. Small cuttings of no fewer than five species, all from the Canary Islands, were put to grow in an oblong earthenware vessel, size about 12 ins. by 6 by 4. Somewhat to my surprise, all five flourished, very soon forming a miniature garden of rosettes of fleshy leaves, great and small, and varying in colour from silver to olive. Two kinds flowered well, both with hanging racemes of yellow flowers, and for two or three seasons this little garden of house-leeks was a very pleasant sight on a window-sill. Thereafter the whole thing became too crowded and leggy, and had to be abandoned or replanted, and by that time I was more interested in some other kind of experimental room-gardening.

Finally—nothing to do with room plants—I should like to thank the reader who sent me seeds of *Lilium duchartrei farreri* without even signing his name!



ONE OF THE MORE DEMURE AND ENGAGING OF THE SCENTED-LEAF GERANIUMS: *PELARGONIUM CRISPUM VARIEGATUM*. This particular species (variety or form—the group is terribly tangled) is sweetly lemon-scented. The range of scents is wide, and besides lemon, rose, peppermint, sandal-wood, apricot, strawberry, lavender and turpentine are all mimicked; while the shape of leaf ranges from ferny and oak-leaved to the large velvety leaves of *P. tomentosum*.

Photograph by J. E. Downward.

at the same time, whose name was given to me as *Citrus olaheiti*, but I confess that I have not found it in any list, or flora, or dictionary.

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## HOW SCIENTISTS UNDERSTAND THE UNIVERSE.

## VII. BETWEEN THE STARS.

By H. BONDI, F.R.S., Professor of Mathematics, King's College, London.

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THE stars are the great lighthouses of space. We can see them over tremendous distances, and they look prominent and remarkable objects to us. To a sailor, passing a coast at night, lighthouses are not only the most useful, but also the most prominent objects that he sees. However, we all know that he would be grossly mistaken if he thought that the lighthouses were all there was to the land. Similarly, we may be in danger of overrating the importance of the stars just because they are so very bright and so easily visible and we may be neglecting whatever else there may be in space. How can we find out anything about the regions between the stars? First of all, we must realise that most parts of space are transparent. If they were not transparent then, of course, we wouldn't be able to see stars at all. However, this is rather negative evidence, for there can be lots of materials in space that would not make it opaque. In particular, there can be vast amounts of hydrogen gas in the enormous spaces between the stars and yet be so tenuous that they would not intercept any of the light passing through. However, in some regions of the sky we see patches without stars surrounded by regions full of stars. This occurs particularly in the Milky Way, and the only plausible explanation for this fact is that these dark patches are opaque clouds of gas intercepting the light of the stars behind them. One of the best known of these is the aptly named Coal Sack in the Milky Way. There are numerous other places like that where obviously a dark cloud interferes with the light of the stars behind it. How can we find out more about these clouds of matter? It would seem plausible that if space is quite transparent in some regions and completely opaque in others, it should be in an intermediate stage, that is, foggy, in yet other parts. How would such foggy show itself to the astronomer? Let us try to explore this question by thinking of examples from the earth. At sunset the rays of the sun pass through very much more of the low atmosphere to reach us than they do when the sun is high in the sky. This has the effect known to all of us that at sunset the sun looks very much redder than its ordinary appearance. Often this is a very beautiful spectacle. Also we know that on a foggy night there often appears a halo surrounding the moon which is due to the diffraction of the light of the moon by the particles making up the fog. Frequently, when the astronomer looks at a star he can recognize its type from its spectral lines. He knows then what colour he would expect the star to show if nothing interfered with its light on its journey to him. However, quite often a star looks redder than that, particularly if it is a very distant star, in the plane of the Milky Way. The conclusion is clear. The light of the star is reddened by an intervening haze of matter, just like the light of the sun is reddened by the haze in the atmosphere at sunset. A close study of the effects on the light of the star of the passage through the cloud by means of the spectroscope may enable the astronomer to find out what the cloud consists of, or at least to discover what some of its constituents are. It appears that many clouds contain dust not unlike the dust we know on the earth with calcium and carbon and similar elements represented. It is cold in space and frozen grains of methane are not infrequent. The halo effect is also familiar. The picture of the so-called Owl Nebula shows a cloud of gas illuminated by a star behind it. Sometimes also clouds impinge on each other with high velocity, and then, by the enormous friction, some parts of the cloud begin to glow. Possibly shock waves, such as we get on the earth after an explosion, may also be responsible in space for making a cloud glow on occasions. A beautiful example of this is shown on the photograph of a filamentary nebula. If there were only few clouds about, one could hardly expect to see collisions between them or find a star in such a fortunate position as to illuminate a whole cloud. From the many instances of these effects that we know, we can accordingly infer how very much matter there must be in the space between the stars. From a theoretical point of view this is

indeed not surprising, for stars must form from such diffuse matter and grow by swallowing it up in the way Dr. Lyttleton has described.

Another piece of evidence about what goes on in the space between the stars has been discovered only relatively recently. This is the polarisation of starlight. What is polarisation, and how can we find it? Light has a number of familiar properties. It travels in straight lines with a definite velocity; it has intensity, that is, brightness, and it may show any of many colours or a combination of them. But this does not exhaust the characteristics of light, though the remaining one, polarisation, is rather more difficult to observe. There is a direction associated with light, a direction that is invariably at right-angles to the direction of propagation, and is called the direction of polarisation. Most materials cannot



THE OWL NEBULA: THIS SPHERICAL MASS OF GAS IS SHINING MAINLY IN THE LIGHT OF THE CENTRAL STAR.

Mount Wilson photograph.

distinguish between light that is polarised in different directions; but certain crystals and other materials are transparent to one direction of polarisation and opaque to the other. If, then, we take two such crystals and shine a beam of light through them, the first crystal will select from all the light in the beam only that which is associated with a particular direction in the crystal. We may imagine each particle of light, as it were, carrying a stick normal to the direction of propagation. The crystal then acts as a fence with long bars parallel to each other and the light that carries sticks at right-angles to these bars can't get through; whereas the light that carries its sticks parallel to the bars manages to pass through. If the second crystal is held parallel to the first, then all the light that passed through the first one will go through the second one. If, on the other hand, the second crystal is held at right-angles to the first one, then none of the light will come through at all, for the direction of stick that managed to get through the first fence is just the direction that is unable to get through the second fence, since the directions of the posts of the two fences are at right-angles to each other. Although crystals show this polarisation phenomenon far more strongly than anything else we come across in ordinary life, yet there are some occasions where polarisation matters. Mostly we deal with light which is unpolarised; that is to say, that the sticks that the individual particles carry are in all sorts of directions, some in one direction, some in another. The direction of polarisation of the light, as it

were, is not ordered. There are, however, a few phenomena where it does matter, for example, in glare. If an almost horizontal beam of light is reflected by a wet surface such as a wet road, then the horizontal direction of polarisation is much more strongly reflected than the vertical one. Therefore, the glare of the headlights of other cars or of street lights reflected in the road is predominantly horizontally polarised. That is to say, the sticks carried by the particles of light reflected from the road are, in the main, horizontal. If, then, we look at the picture through a crystal passing only vertically polarised light, then far less of the glare will come through the crystal than of other light. In this lies the advantage of using a polariser as glasses for night driving in wet conditions. Polarisation occurs also in other ways, especially in short radio waves. This is the reason why TV aerials have to be vertical, and sound V.H.F. aerials have to be horizontal. The transmitter in the one case transmits only horizontally polarised radio waves; in the other, only vertically polarised ones. If now the astronomer looks at the light of the stars and tries to discover whether it is polarised, that is to say, whether more of the particles of light carry sticks pointing in one direction than in another, then he finds that indeed the light of some stars is quite noticeably polarised. In particular, he finds that for many of the stars whose light is reddened by passing through a fog of interstellar matter, this polarisation is quite appreciable, so that a few per cent more light carries sticks of one direction than in the other. How is this remarkable modern discovery to be explained? It is very difficult to understand how a star as a whole can send out polarised rather than unpolarised light. Combining this with the fact that it is just the light that has passed through a lot of interstellar fog that shows the polarisation most noticeably, we may presume that it occurs in the passage through interstellar matter. But how can it occur there? Interstellar matter is certainly not a crystal. It isn't as though we looked at the stars through enormous lined up crystals floating in space. Interstellar matter is just dust and gas. Gas certainly cannot polarise anything, but what about dust? Here the analogy of the fence helps again. Suppose the individual particles of dust are rather long and thin rods, like iron filings, for example. Then if they are all aligned—that is to say, they are all parallel—they will, just like the fence, pass more light with the direction of polarisation parallel to the rods than light carrying sticks normal to the direction of the rods. We are, therefore, led to believe that some, at least, of the interstellar dust may consist of rod-like particles. But how do they come to be aligned? This is not an easy question to answer, but what springs to mind immediately are the familiar pictures of how iron filings may be aligned by the action of a magnet; and, indeed, it is not easy to think of any other cause for aligning the dust particles in the spaces between the stars. A magnetic field seems to be the most plausible cause for ordering the dust, *i.e.*, "combing" it in one direction. We are thus led to believe that there may be magnetic fields in the spaces between the stars. But where can these magnetic fields originate? Even if stars are magnetic as, indeed, we know some stars to be, their field cannot extend far into space. This is just as on the earth. Although we have a magnetic field that is strong enough to align the navigator's compass needle, yet if one went out as far as the moon there would be virtually none of this magnetic field left. We must, therefore, look for the origin of this field not in the stars but in interstellar space itself. What can cause magnetic fields there? The only reasonable cause we can imagine are electric currents. And, indeed, it does not seem at all far-fetched to believe that electric currents may be circulating through the vast spaces between the stars. For although a thick gas like air is a good insulator, a very tenuous gas like the material filling the space between the stars that has been irradiated with light is a material that can be shown to be a splendid conductor of electricity. Virtually no effort is needed to keep a current going in such material once it has started. We are, therefore, not surprised that such currents may persist in this material for enormous lengths of time producing magnetic fields whose consequences we can observe in the polarisation of starlight. What originally caused these magnetic fields is, of course, quite a different question, and one to which there is not yet any very clear answer in sight.

(Continued opposite.)

THOUGH THE STARS BY THEIR BRIGHTNESS SEEM TO POPULATE THE SKY, THERE ARE CONSIDERABLE GAPS—SHOWN AS DARK REGIONS—WHERE NO STARS APPEAR. THESE ARE GREAT AREAS WHERE VAST CLOUDS OF INTERSTELLAR DUST OBSCURE THE VIEW.

GREAT AREAS OF SPACE ARE EMPTY OR CONTAIN ONLY TRANSPARENT HYDROGEN GAS. OTHER PARTS ARE OPAQUE WITH DUST. OTHER REGIONS IN THE INTERMEDIATE AREA ARE 'FOGGY'—THUS IF WE VIEW THE SETTING SUN THROUGH THE 'FOG' OF THE LOWER DENSE ATMOSPHERE, ITS GLOW TURNS TO THE RED FAMILIAR TO US ALL.



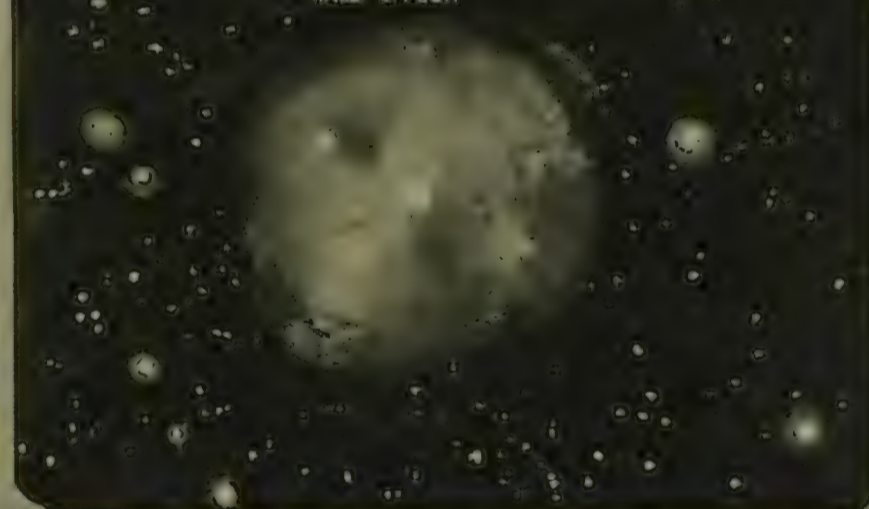
THE MOON WHEN VIEWED THROUGH LIGHT FOG APPEARS WITH A HALO.



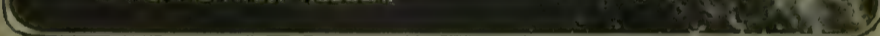
THIS HALO IS CAUSED BY THE MOON'S RAYS BEING DEFLECTED BY FOG PARTICLES.



IT IS COLD IN SPACE AND FROZEN GRAINS, E.G. METHANE GAS, ARE NOT INFREQUENT. IF A STAR PASSES BEHIND SUCH A CLOUD OF DUST, THE LIGHT FROM THE STAR ILLUMINATES THE GAS AND PRODUCES THIS HALO EFFECT.

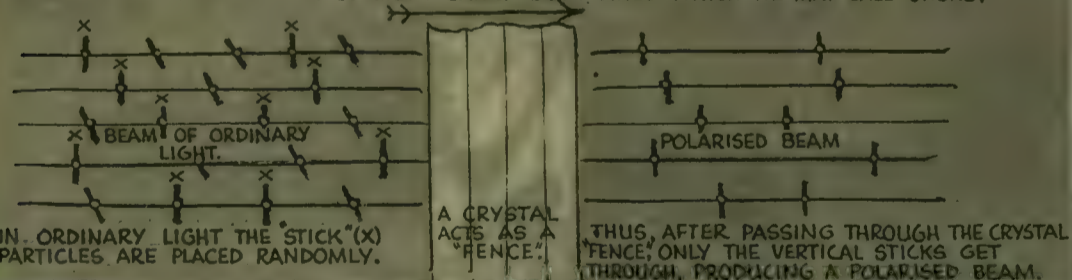


SOME CLOUDS OF DUST AND OTHER MATTER IMPINGE UPON EACH OTHER AT HIGH SPEED AND, BY THE ENORMOUS FRICTION, SET UP SOME PARTS OF THE CLOUD GLOW AND PRODUCE THE BEAUTIFUL EFFECT AS SEEN IN THIS PICTURE OF A FILAMENTARY NEBULA.



ANOTHER ITEM OF EVIDENCE ABOUT WHAT GOES ON IN THE "DARK REGIONS" IS THE RECENT DISCOVERY OF THE POLARISATION OF STARLIGHT. WHAT IS THIS POLARISATION AND HOW CAN WE FIND IT?

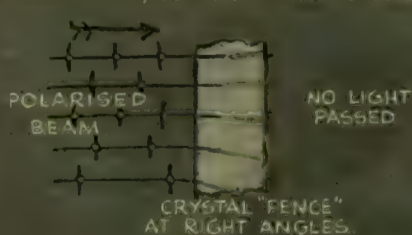
WE KNOW THAT LIGHT TRAVELS IN STRAIGHT LINES WITH DEFINITE VELOCITY. LET US IMAGINE THAT THE PARTICLES OF LIGHT CARRY LIGHT LINES WHICH WE MAY CALL "STICKS".



IF POLARISED LIGHT PASSES THROUGH A CRYSTAL, WHOSE FENCE IS IN LINE WITH THE "STICKS" OF LIGHT, THEN ALL THE LIGHT GETS THROUGH.



IF HOWEVER, THE "FENCE" (E.G. THE CRYSTAL) IS AT RIGHT ANGLES TO THE "STICKS" OF THE INCIDENT LIGHT, NO LIGHT PASSES THROUGH.



LIGHT FROM SOME STARS PASSES THROUGH POLARISING CLOUDS ON ITS WAY TO US, AS CAN BE DISCOVERED BY PASSING THE LIGHT THROUGH CRYSTALS.



MATTER IN SPACE: HOW IT IS OBSERVED BY MEANS OF ITS EFFECT ON THE LIGHT OF THE STARS.

Continued.] From the few indications that the astronomer has he can therefore say a good deal about conditions in the space between the stars. He knows that there are large clouds of dust and that there is gas which may be widely distributed, and partly also condensed into clouds. He can say a little bit about the chemical composition of the clouds of dust and gas. And he has been able to infer the existence of magnetic fields in these enormous regions. Yet another way in which they can be explored is by radio astronomy. It has turned out that hydrogen gas, one of the most difficult to observe optically,

though probably by far the most common in the space between the stars, emits radio waves of a very particular frequency. They can be observed on the earth and give us a wealth of information, previously unobtainable by optical means, about the distribution of hydrogen gas in the spaces between the stars. In these ways we have come to know that there are swirling clouds of gas and dust in space whose motion and behaviour is of the utmost importance for the stars themselves, although the gas and dust is far less easy to observe than the stars which are such a prominent feature of our night sky.

Drawn by our Special Artist, G. H. Davis, with the co-operation of Professor Bondi.



FOXHUNTING has been defined as the pursuit of the uneatable by the unspeakable. The four volumes discussed here, however briefly, could be described by the unsympathetic as analyses of the unspeakable or, at least, the unpalatable, by the incomprehensible. That this would be an unfair summing-up, I hope to show, but it is reasonable to give due warning in advance that each book deals in its own way with a subject which is not only extremely complicated but, because it is necessarily concerned with imponderables, does not easily lend itself to lucid exposition.

But how simple it is to be betrayed into clap-trap! Here is Mr. Canaday, whose book is both judicious and encyclopaedic, writing about Renoir—and how unfortunate that, in looking for something entirely different, I should have turned over the pages and read the following about the well-known painting "Young Girls Arranging a Hat" in Philadelphia—"an impressionist delight if it is savoured only for its colour and its subject. But if it is regarded more abstractedly as a series of interrelated volumes, it builds almost sculpturally into mutually supporting masses, projecting and receding into space" (the same can be said of any good picture—but allow Mr. Canaday to continue). "The sense of weightiness, of solid form and the reduction of the various elements in the picture to geometrical equivalents (the cylinders of the arms, the ovoids of the heads, the generally spherical derivation of all the forms) increase the generic quality of the figures. A picture of one young girl pinning flowers onto the hat of another becomes a fertility image; the swelling volumes, bursting with colour, are more than ever symbols of the burgeoning generative forces of nature." The italics are mine and I make no further comment, except to add that their author has the grace on the previous page to quote Renoir himself. "These days," said that most lovable of painters, "they try to explain everything, but if a picture could be explained it wouldn't be art."

I would be prepared to argue that a good deal of what has been praised as art during the past half century has been not very much more than a page torn from the notebook of a scared hypochondriac; but there I am conscious of a look of pity and sorrow from Sir Herbert Read whose "Concise History of Modern Painting" is kept not in a bookcase but continuously at my elbow; and of polite contempt from several bright and extremely nice young men of my acquaintance who are genuinely appalled to discover that I can stand in front of a Paul Klee and fail to recognise a masterpiece; and when I turn to them and say "How silly, however gifted as a colourist and draughtsman, to turn back to a self-conscious infantilism!" they can only murmur politely that I have obviously missed the point. But there it is—I not only miss that point, but several others, and go so far in heretical opinions as to hold that the marvellous promise shown by the young Picasso in, say, 1905 has been disastrously dissipated since, and that the more solidly endowed Braque is the finer painter though working within narrower limits. I note also, both from these books and from my own observation, that there have been many "isms" promulgated with beat of drum during the past thirty and forty years which serious pundits have accepted with enthusiasm, but have been too busy acting as *accoucheurs* for the latest to be able to attend the funerals of the earlier.

At the conclusion of his survey Sir Herbert is able to write as follows: "In the minds of the great leaders of the modern movement in painting—Cézanne, Matisse, Picasso, Kandinsky, Klee, Mondrian and Pollock—there was always a constant awareness of the problem of our age, always a constant alertness to false

solutions. To present a clear and distinct visual image of sensuous experience—that has always been the undeviating aim of these artists, and the rich treasury of icons they have created is the basis upon which any possible civilization of the future will be built." Whether any of the last can really be compared with Cézanne in stature is not readily apparent from the other pages of the book.

But though pretty well every eccentricity is accepted if not invariably applauded it is refreshing to note that not even Sir Herbert can stomach the vulgarity and exhibitionism of Salvador Dali, to whom Michel Tapié devotes a most handsome volume, which reaches me in an American edition, printed in Italy and with colour plates printed in France. He is a beautiful academic draughtsman and his still-life of "A Loaf of Bread in a Basket" takes one back to Velasquez; his religious pictures, when they are not merely silly, are as theatrical and as mawkish as those of that forgotten 19th-century master Bouguereau—the Christ of his "Last Supper" might well be the ghost of Rudolph Valentino—while his preposterous explanations are couched in the bogus scientific bombast which has brought him such success among certain sections of society—thus, of his "Assumption" of 1952—"the most ambitious picture of my career, because

it is the first one in which is exposed dialectically the new constitution of the 'Discontinuance of Matter,' an octahedral architecture, transparent, representing the mother church occupied by an altar which is surmounted by the Christ of St. John of the Cross and crossed with the speed of angels by the corporeal body of the Virgin, Dionysian dynamism ascending, produced by the Apollonian weight of the sacrifice of Christ." The author tactfully comments: "While all Dali's allegories are meaningful to the artist himself, it is often difficult for him to interpret them to the Press without incurring a damaging kind of semi-humorous publicity.

This has often temporarily undermined belief in the sincerity of his easel works, as I have had many specific occasions to observe." Perhaps Dali would be wiser to note what Renoir said.

Mr. John Golding's book "Cubism" was written as a doctoral thesis for the Courtauld Institute of Art, is the soundest kind of academic study and, like many another doctoral thesis, is very nearly unreadable. "A Portrait by Renoir," we are informed gravely, "will seem closer to a portrait by Raphael than it does to a Cubist portrait by Picasso"—and so say all of us, though it seems too obvious an observation to put down in words. Indeed, one can say with an even greater accuracy that a portrait by Picasso of 1905 is even closer to

Raphael than any Renoir; but it does not necessarily follow that because this is so, the foundations of Western painting were shaken nor, as the author asserts, that "in as much as it has conditioned the development of architecture and the applied arts, Cubism has become part of our daily lives." Surely architecture has its own logic, exists in its own right, and owes nothing to painting. The book concludes with this prophecy "that to the historian of the future it will appear as one of the major turning points . . . one which has produced a series of works capable of holding their place among the great masterpieces of the past."

But however much one may disagree with what is said on many occasions in all four of these books, they are, without question, serious and sincere contributions to an understanding of immensely subtle matters; as I have already said, Sir Herbert's "Concise History," for all its many omissions (not a word either of praise or blame, for example, about Dunoyer de Segonzac), is something to have at one's elbow; "Mainstreams of Modern Art" is a formidable and valuable dictionary, and the other two—in their narrower range—are factual, even if propagandist. In short, a joy for those already converted and a repository of arguable theories for those of us who still consider that Michelangelo's "David" was a masterpiece, not a disaster.

\*"Mainstreams of Modern Art." By John Canaday. Illustrated. (Thames and Hudson; £4 4s.)

\*"A Concise History of Modern Painting." By Herbert Read. Illustrated. (Thames and Hudson; £1 8s.)

\*"Dali: A Study of his Life and Work." Text by A. Reynolds Morse. Special appreciation by Michel Tapié. Illustrated. (George Rainbird; £6 6s.)

\*"Cubism: A History and Analysis, 1907-1914." By John Golding. Illustrated. (Faber and Faber; £3 13s. 6d.)

## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

### FOUR BOOKS ON MODERN PAINTING.\*



"AMERICAN GOTHIC," BY GRANT WOOD (1892-1942): A PAINTING THAT WON A NATIONAL AWARD IN THE U.S.A. IN 1930. (29½ by 24½ ins.) (From "Mainstreams of Modern Art," reproduced by courtesy of Messrs. Thames and Hudson.)



A DETAIL FROM "THE SACRAMENT OF THE LAST SUPPER," BY SALVADOR DALI (BORN 1904): A WORK OF WHICH THE ARTIST HAS SAID, "EACH APOSTLE MUST BE A LUMINOUS INSTANTANEOUS ECSTASY." (Whole painting, 65½ by 105½ ins.) (From "Dali," reproduced by courtesy of George Rainbird, Ltd.)



## THE EDUCATION OF BRITISH YOUTH—XLV. MALVERN GIRLS' COLLEGE.



A FOURSOME AT TENNIS AGAINST THE DELIGHTFUL SETTING OF THE MALVERN HILLS. BEFORE THE MAIN BUILDING IS THE NEW BIOLOGY LABORATORY.



IN THE PLEASANT GARDEN OF THE BENHAMS: GIRLS OF THE MIDDLE SCHOOL HOUSE IVth AND Vth FORM RELAXING, WHILE OTHERS WATER A ROCK-GARDEN.

Malvern Girls' College was founded in 1893. Miss Lily Poulton and Miss Isabel Greenslade opened a school for five little boys and five little girls in their own home and six years later, as the school had increased in numbers, it was transferred to Ivydene Hall. From this time boys were no longer admitted. In the following years other properties near Ivydene Hall were acquired for Boarding Houses and for a Junior Department, and the present

playing fields were first used in 1916. 1919 was an important date in the School's development, for in this year The Imperial Hotel and Baths were purchased for the Main School Building, and the first Headmistress, Miss Kate Dawson, was appointed. She was the first graduate member of the staff and had previously been in charge of the Junior School. Miss I. M. Brooks succeeded her in 1928. In 1934 the York Hall and Founders' [Continued overleaf.]

Photographs specially taken for "The Illustrated London News" by Chris Ware, Keystone Press Agency, Ltd.

## MALVERN GIRLS' COLLEGE: SCENES AND

## ACTIVITIES AT A LEADING GIRLS' SCHOOL.



IN WOODGATE, THE SCHOOL SANATORIUM: SISTER W. M. MERCER LOOKING AFTER YOUNG PATIENTS FROM THE JUNON SCHOOL IN THE ROSE WARD.



THE SCHOOL CHOIR AT PRACTICE IN THE YORK HALL, WITH MISS M. BASON, HEAD OF THE LARGE MUSIC DEPARTMENT OF THIRTEEN, AT THE PIANO.



"LIFE-SAVING" IN THE YORK HALL. THE GIRLS—FROM THE LOWER VIIA—ARE PRACTISING FOR THE BRONZE MEDALLION OF THE LIFE-SAVING SOCIETY.



LUNCH-TIME: MISS J. ROUNDHILL (BY WINDOW), THE COOKERY MISTRESS, AND SEVERAL GIRLS LOOK ON WHILE A JOINT IS TAKEN FROM THE OVEN.



LEARNING ABOUT THE ELEMENTS AND THEIR COMBINATIONS: A CHEMISTRY CLASS CARRYING OUT EXPERIMENTS UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF MISS M. E. JOHN.



A SCENE OF HARD CONCENTRATION IN THE FOUNDERS' LIBRARY, OPENED IN 1934 BY QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER.



GIRLS OF THE UPPER IVA GIVING FREE REIGN TO THE SUBCONSCIOUS IN ACTION PAINTING. THE BEAUTIFUL STAINED-GLASS WINDOW WAS MADE BY VIIA FORM GIRLS.



VARIOUS STYLES OF BACKSTROKE EXPERTLY DISPLAYED IN THE SWIMMING BATH BY SOME GIRLS OF SCHOOL HOUSE.



IN THE STUDIO: A VIIA FORM GIRL PUTTING THE FINISHING TOUCHES TO A FINE STILL-LIFE. STRIKING WORKS OF ART ARE EXHIBITED ON THE WALLS.



EN ROUTE FOR SERVICE IN THE PRIORY CHURCH: GIRLS OF HATLEY ST. GEORGE CROSSING THE ROAD OUTSIDE THE HOUSE, IN PERFECT FORMATION.



A LUNCH-TIME SCENE IN PARKFIELD HOUSE, WHERE GIRLS OF THE JUNIOR SCHOOL ARE SEATED AT TABLES WITH MEMBERS OF THE STAFF.



IN THE GARDEN AT PARKFIELD, THE JUNIOR HOUSE: SOME OF THE YOUNGER GIRLS CARING FOR DIFFERENT KINDS OF PETS WITH EVIDENT AFFECTION.

*Continued.* Library were opened by her Majesty Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, who was then Duchess of York. The Founders' Library was the gift of the Founders, who still continued to take an active part in the direction of the affairs of the College. The present Headmistress, Miss M. M. Burgess,

came to Malvern in 1954 and since her appointment the accommodation for the teaching of science has been extended. The Industrial Fund for the Advancement of Scientific Education in Schools made a substantial grant towards the extension and refitting of the Physics and Chemistry Laboratories,

*Photographs specially taken for "The Illustrated London*

*News" by Chris Ware, Keystone Press Agency, Ltd.*

the College being the first girls' school to be considered under their scheme. Now, in 1959, the College is one of the largest Independent Boarding Schools for Girls. In the Main School there are 500 girls whose ages range from eleven to eighteen, and the separate Junior School, Parkfield, has accommodation

for fifty girls between the ages of eight and ten. The Main School is treated as a unit in all matters relating to the curriculum and the arrangement of classes. The girls have the benefit of living in small communities, as residence is in ten self-contained houses, each under the supervision *(Continued overleaf)*

## MALVERN GIRLS' COLLEGE: MORNING BREAK AND A STUDY-BEDROOM.



A VIEW OF THE IMPOSING MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE COLLEGE, WITH ITS PLEASANT IVY-CLAD TOWER.



A RELAXED SCENE ON THE LAWN DURING MORNING BREAK. IN THE BACKGROUND IS THE NEW BIOLOGY LABORATORY.



QUIET, UNDISTURBED STUDY: THE HEAD GIRL READING IN HER STUDY-BEDROOM. EACH GIRL IN THE SECOND- AND THIRD-YEAR WITH FORM HAS SIMILAR ACCOMMODATION.



TWO MISTRESSES CHATTING ON THE STEPS OF ABBOTSMEAD, WHICH, ORIGINALLY THE HOME OF THE FOUNDERS, IS ONE OF THREE STAFF HOUSES.

*Continued.*] of a House Mistress or House Tutor who is also a member of the teaching staff. The playing fields are near the Boarding Houses. Hockey and lacrosse are played every afternoon in the two winter terms and in the summer the daily routine is modified so that girls are free to play tennis or to swim in the heated indoor pool each evening. The Old Girls' Association was founded in 1913 and there are now nearly 2000 members. The Association

takes a lively interest in the affairs of the School and the Secretary of the Association and two other Old Girls are members of the College Council. Many present girls are daughters or granddaughters of Old Girls, and the Association's news sheets, which are published annually, show that past members of the College are distinguishing themselves in the majority of professions open to women.

*Photographs specially taken for "The Illustrated London News" by Chris Ware, Keystone Press Agency, Ltd.*

# PRESIDENT EISENHOWER IN ITALY AND TURKEY: SCENES OF HIS GRAND TOUR.



A HELICOPTER CARRYING PRESIDENT EISENHOWER, WHO WAS ABOUT TO GO TO TURKEY, TO ROME AIRPORT FROM THE NORTH AMERICAN PONTIFICAL COLLEGE ON DECEMBER 6.



AT A STATE RECEPTION IN ROME: (LEFT TO RIGHT) SIGNORA GRONCHI, PRESIDENT EISENHOWER, HIS DAUGHTER-IN-LAW AND PRESIDENT GRONCHI OF ITALY.



WAVING TO THE VAST TURKISH CROWDS THAT WELCOMED HIM IN ANKARA: PRESIDENT EISENHOWER DRIVING WITH THE TURKISH PRESIDENT TO THE TOMB OF KEMAL ATATURK.



A SOLEMN MOMENT AS THE TURKISH AND U.S. NATIONAL ANTHEMS ARE PLAYED: PRESIDENT EISENHOWER WITH THE TURKISH PRESIDENT, CELAL BAYAR.



THE POPE AND THE PRESIDENT BOWING TO ONE ANOTHER AS THEY TOOK LEAVE AFTER AN AUDIENCE ON DECEMBER 6. AFTER HIS VATICAN VISIT THE PRESIDENT FLEW TO ANKARA.



PRESIDENT EISENHOWER ENJOYING A JOKE WITH THE POPE. DURING THE AUDIENCE THEY DISCUSSED THE PROGRESS MADE TOWARDS PEACE BY THE FREE NATIONS.

President Eisenhower began his grand tour of eleven nations on December 3 and arrived in Rome the next day. In spite of bad weather he was given a very warm welcome and was met at the airport by President Gronchi and the Prime Minister of Italy, Signor Segni. Throughout his stay he held talks with the Italian leaders. The theme of his tour he announced is "Peace and friendship—in freedom." This formed the subject of his talks with the Pope,

whom he met in audience at the Vatican on December 6 before his journey to Ankara. On the previous day the State reception given in his honour at the Quirinale Palace caused one of the biggest traffic jams in the history of Rome. On his arrival in Ankara the Turkish crowds were estimated at over 250,000. In his seventeen-hour stay in the Turkish capital the President held talks with the Government especially concerned with U.S. aid.



## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



**D**URING the summer months I used to hear sounds in the chimney behind the stove in my study, especially in the evenings when everything else was quiet. The stove was of the continuous-burning type, and it was not then being used, but the presence of such a stove explains why it was not possible to find out the cause of the noises. I assumed they were caused by yellow-necked mice, which make themselves heard in the walls from time to time in different parts of the house. However, when in September I had the stove removed and replaced by a radiator, the origin of the noises became clear. There was a dead jackdaw in the spot from which the sounds had been coming and where I had expected to find a yellow-neck's nest.

The question now was whether the jackdaw had used that place in the chimney as a nightly roost or whether it had retreated there, sick or injured, or perhaps even senile, to await its last moments. It may be that it lost its way, although this is difficult to believe, and died of starvation. It is difficult to be sure, but I seem to recall that the furtive scratchings, which must have been the rubbing of the bird's wings against the brickwork of the chimney, went on for a week or two.

Shortly after the discovery of the dead jackdaw, there was occasion to call in the chimney-sweep to another part of the house. As he set to work he regaled me with stories of jackdaws found in chimneys, starting his remarks with the observation that it was always as well to have a chimney swept in case the jackdaws had made a nest in it. He told of the frequency with which he found dead jackdaws in chimneys, and how in one instance he took as many as twenty-six from one chimney that had been out of use for some time.

Where birds associate with buildings it is usually the case that they are typically cliff-dwelling species, the piles of stone or bricks and mortar furnished by man-made buildings merely supplying a good representation of the natural cliff. Jackdaws often live in colonies on the cliffs, and they may nest there. More often they roost in large trees and nest in hollow trees, and it seems much more likely that while buildings for them may be akin to cliffs, the large, roomy chimneys represent hollow trees.

Many years ago I was looking over the ruins of a large old house. In one wall was a capacious chimney. The hearth and the fire-place were filled with sticks, and the pile of sticks continued up the chimney, although how far up it was impossible to say. There must have been a cartload of sticks, and on enquiry I found that this was no uncommon occurrence. Jackdaws building in the chimney had carried in sticks and dropped them, and had continued doing so until, presumably, the pile had created a platform at its apex where the nest could be made. Such an accumulation represents a tremendous labour in terms of fetching and carrying, not to mention the searching for the sticks themselves, and could only be possible in a species in which both sexes of a breeding pair contribute to the building of the nest. It also raises a number of questions regarding the mentality of the birds taking part.

### JACKDAWS IN CHIMNEYS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

When a pair of jackdaws nest on a cliff ledge, the nest is made of sticks so arranged as to form a deep cup at the centre, and this is lined with any soft material available, such as grass, wool, hair, fur or moss. It is not unlike a rook's nest. Occasionally a pair of jackdaws will use an old rook's nest, or even an old magpie's nest, and in doing so reduce the labour of nest-making considerably. The labour is still further reduced when,

in which a fair foundation of sticks must be laid before there is a platform for the nest proper. There must, however, seldom be a hollow tree of the proportions found in the large old chimneys. So one problem is to decide whether the jackdaws using these are being stupid or clever.

We know that under the procreative urge extravagances of behaviour can occur, and it is natural to assume that when a pair of jackdaws go to the labour of amassing a cartload of sticks to fill up a tall chimney space, they have chosen unwisely. This would, however, be out of character for the species. Jackdaws are not

unintelligent. When using a rabbit's burrow there is, for example, an appreciation that no sticks are needed, and when using an old rook's nest the birds appreciate that far fewer sticks are needed than when making an entirely new nest in the branches of a tree. In other words, they appear to be able to assess the mechanical requirements of a situation in terms of the amount of new materials needed.

Jackdaws are sociable and the signs are that their societies are more closely knit than we are apt to suppose. At the moment, they can be seen in flocks of scores at a time, but with the approach of the breeding season, in the early months of next year, they will separate out into pairs, each of which will choose a nesting site. The pairs will need to space themselves out, to spread out over the ground, and it could be that in this process the pairs find themselves having to take what best choice they can within a fairly circumscribed area. If that area contains mainly buildings and no hollow trees, then it may be that a spacious chimney is the best site, even although it means a greater labour.

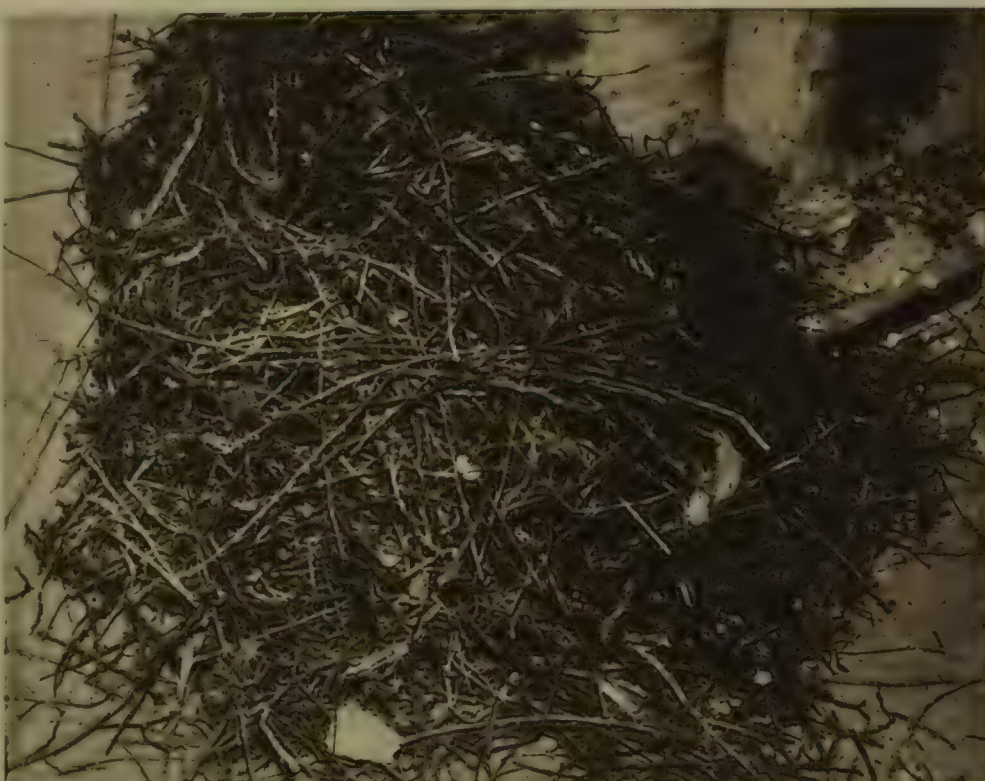
It may be, also, that this is not so much a problem of jackdaw mentality as of human history.

In Latham's second supplement to Gilbert White's "Natural History of Selborne" is the comment that in the Isle of Ely, because of the lack of ruined buildings, the jackdaws often build their nests in chimneys. The suggestion is that this is something of a novelty. It is pointed out that in a grate which had not been used for some time a fire was lighted, and the fire caught the nesting material, which was in such quantity that only with difficulty was the house saved from the flames. At the time that that was written, in the closing years of the 18th century, the population of England and Wales was less than that of Greater London to-day. There were, therefore, far fewer houses. There may have been, nevertheless, a higher proportion of ruined houses, except in places like the Isle of Ely, and there were for a certainty more old and decrepit trees, since it was prior to the Industrial Revolution with its deforestation, and long before the present-day reafforestation with its clearing away of old

timber. It was also prior to the days of widespread game preserves; and prior to the persecution of the jackdaw by the keeper's gun, which tends to discourage the birds from using trees. The name "jack" daw signifies common, and the jackdaw was probably in those days by far the commonest member of the crow family. Taking all factors into consideration, it may well be that the use of chimneys for nesting sites is something forced upon the birds by the circumstances of human development.



ABOUT THE SMALLEST—AND IN TIMES PAST PROBABLY THE MOST NUMEROUS—MEMBER OF THE CROW FAMILY IN GREAT BRITAIN: THE JACKDAW. "JACK" IS A MODIFICATION OF THE FRENCH "JACQUES," A WORD APPLIED TO COMMON OR WIDESPREAD OBJECTS. (Photograph by Jane Burton.)



IN THE FIRE-PLACE OF AN OLD, DISUSED COTTAGE: A PILE OF STICKS WHICH CONTINUED SOME WAY UP THE CHIMNEY AND HAD A JACKDAW'S NEST AT THE TOP—A TRIBUTE TO THIS BIRD'S REMARKABLE INDUSTRY IN NEST-BUILDING. (Photograph by David I. Porritt.)

as sometimes happens, a rabbit's burrow is chosen for the nesting site, for there no sticks are used, only the lining material. When building in trees the nest is much the same as that made on a cliff ledge, but it may in some instances be roofed.

Within this variety of forms there is what may be called an average, indicated by the deep cup of sticks on the cliff ledge or the tree. Deviations from this average take us, in one direction, to the nest in a rabbit burrow, with only the lining materials, and in the other to the hollow trees

# PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE AND EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



**A GREAT CRICKETER: THE LATE PRINCE DULEEPSINHJI.**

Prince Duleepsinhji, the famous Sussex and England cricketer, died from a heart attack at Bombay, on December 5, at the age of fifty-four. An outstanding batsman, his playing career was cut short by a serious pulmonary illness. None the less, in seven seasons he achieved greatness on the cricket field.



**A BRITISH AMATEUR FIGURE-SKATING CHAMPION: MISS P. A. PAULEY.**

Miss Patricia Pauley, of Kingston, Surrey, the British figure-skating champion, retained her title in the national skating championships at Streatham on December 1. She was afterwards selected to compete in the 1960 Winter Olympic Games—to be held in February at Squaw Valley, California.



**AN ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET: THE LATE SIR RHODERICK McGRIGOR.**

Admiral of the Fleet Sir Rhoderick McGrigor, a former First Sea Lord, who died on December 3 at the age of sixty-six, was a brilliant officer who served with great distinction in both World Wars. In the First World War he served at the Battle of Jutland and in the 1939-1945 war commanded the cruiser *Renown*.



**RESIGNING FROM THE U.N.E.F. COMMAND: MAJOR-GENERAL E. L. M. BURNS.**

Major-General E. L. M. Burns (Canada) has resigned his post as Commander of the United Nations Emergency Force in the Middle East, which he has held since 1956. General Burns, who is sixty-two, will become the Canadian Government's adviser on disarmament when he leaves his command in Gaza.



**(Left.) THE BRITISH CHARGE D'AFFAIRES IN CAIRO: MR. COLIN CROWE.**

Mr. Colin Crowe, who is forty-six, has been appointed the British Chargé d'Affaires in Cairo, following the agreement of the United Arab Republic and the United Kingdom to re-establish diplomatic relations. Mr. Crowe has been Head of the British Property Commission there since it was established in Egypt last February.



**RECEIVING THE BENJAMIN FRANKLIN MEDAL OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARTS: MR. H. NELSON (LEFT).**

Mr. H. G. Nelson, managing director of the English Electric Company, was recently awarded the Benjamin Franklin Medal by the Royal Society of Arts for his work in "scientific industrial development." Presenting the medal is Mr. Oswald P. Milne, J.P., Chairman of the Council of the Royal Society of Arts.

**(Right.) THE NEW U.S. SECRETARY OF DEFENCE: MR. THOMAS S. GATES.**

Mr. Thomas S. Gates, who is fifty-three, has been appointed Secretary of Defence in succession to Mr. McElroy, who has held the post since 1957. Mr. Gates has been Under-Secretary of Defence since last June and before that he was Secretary of the Navy, a post he held since 1957. Mr. McElroy has received the Medal of Freedom.



**(Left.) APPOINTED HEAD OF STATE IN SINGAPORE: MR. YUSOF BIN ISHAK.**

Mr. Inche Yusof bin Ishak has been appointed the first Malayan Head of State or Yang di-Pertuan Negara, in Singapore, in succession to Sir William Goode. Mr. Yusof, who is forty-nine, was formerly a journalist and he has sat on public commissions in Singapore. He was installed on December 3.

**(Right.) THE U.A.R. CHARGE D'AFFAIRES IN LONDON: MR. KAMAL KHALIL.**

Mr. Kamal Khalil, who is forty-two, has been appointed the first diplomatic representative of the United Arab Republic to this country. He has held the post of Director of Research at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. His elder brother is the Egyptian Region Executive Minister of Communications.



**ARRIVING FOR A WEEK'S PRIVATE VISIT TO LONDON: PRINCE RAINIER OF MONACO AND PRINCESS GRACE.**

Prince Rainier of Monaco and Princess Grace, who arrived at Gatwick Airport on December 3 for a private visit, spent the time seeing friends and doing Christmas shopping. They had flown from Nice with Mr. Aristotle Onassis, the shipowner, who said he had come for shopping, "like anyone else at this time of year."



**AT AN ANGLO-SOVIET CULTURAL AGREEMENT: MR. ALLAN (RIGHT) WITH MR. ZHUKOV, HEAD OF THE SOVIET DELEGATION.**

A Cultural Agreement between Britain and the Soviet Union was signed at the Foreign Office on December 1. Included in the extensive programme of cultural exchanges is a visit to the Soviet Union of the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, under its conductor, Sir Thomas Beecham, in 1960.



**AFTER THEIR CONSECRATION AS BISHOPS: THE VEN. W. A. PARKER (LEFT) AND THE VEN. J. H. MORRELL.**

At a ceremony held at Westminster Abbey on November 30, attended by Princess Margaret, the Ven. William Alonzo Parker was consecrated Bishop Suffragan of Shrewsbury and the Ven. James Herbert Lloyd Morrell Bishop Suffragan of Lewes. At the same ceremony Canon Abbott was installed as Dean of Westminster.

# THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

## DOWN AND ACROSS.

By J. C. TREWIN.

WE begin down under: on the verandah of George Grant's house in Queensland, Australia. This is the setting of a musical comedy called "Kookaburra," a reference to the laughing jackass that parades in the centre of the programme cover. At the première a good many loyal Australians were in the house: indeed, now and again one felt like an intruder at a party.

It was an amiable party so long as one refrained from asking questions. Nothing could have been simpler, or more anxious to please, than the little piece—set, I have to add quickly, in the winter of 1913. True, after "Summer of the Seventeenth Doll" and "The Shifting Heart," one expects something more sophisticated in Australian drama . . . and yet no sooner have I written that sentence than I realise its futility. "Kookaburra" is just a musical comedy, and one does not go to a libretto for a penetrating view of local conditions in Honduras or Guiana or the Yukon (I am merely suggesting a few places that writers might consider) any more than one should look to "Kookaburra" for a close examination of the Australian scene forty-six years ago. Its music is the key to the night: a vigorous, unaffected score, sung buoyantly by such people as Maggie Fitzgibbon, Gordon Boyd, and Julia Shelley. The lyrics, I agree, are unfortunate; Eric Spear, the composer, should have let somebody else write them. I must confess that, while as gratified as anybody by the pleasant noise of a song, I do want to know what the song is about. It has always taken the edge from my pleasure if (a) the words are inaudible, or (b) if they are audible but not worth hearing. "Kookaburra" offers the second alternative: a pity.

On the Princes Theatre night the handling of the plot itself did not much worry me. In fact, I was pleased to meet some old friends: the remittance-man, the dog, and the water. I will reach the last two in a moment. Let me explain that the remittance-man, who looks crumpled and blood-shot, who has a mocking way with him, and who is wistful about the Cotswolds and rather repetitively well-read, turns out to be a baronet. Moreover, he receives the news on the stage and reacts to it as any alcoholic, wistful, and well-read remittance-man would react during a drought in Queensland in the late autumn of 1913. That is most pleasing: we have had too few even moderately bad baronets in the theatre lately, and I am glad that Charles Macarthur Hardy, in adapting the piece from a play by Joyce Dennys, has revived a rich tradition. What I want to know is just what happened to Sir Mervyn Dalziel (whose name no one could pronounce) on returning to the old house in the Cotswolds. There ought to be a sequel here, though next time I trust Mr. Spear will farm out the lyrics.

I ought to say that the new baronet is the father of a girl (as good-hearted as the comedy) whom he has allowed to run wild. A nice girl, in spite of her tousled appearance, she is attracted, very reasonably, by the farmer who has brought to the wilds an English wife whom the baronet finds attractive . . . and so on, quite harmlessly; everything is settled at the final curtain as it should be, and the baronet is presently on his way back to England, alone and with a first-class ticket. During the night I felt that I had met the play before, probably on the radio; doubtless it

had been mauled a little during its transformation into a "book." But it does not matter a great deal while everybody is singing, and all the things proper in the circumstances happen upon the verandah of George Grant's house in sunlight that must yield before long to rain.



A SCENE FROM "KOOKABURRA," THE BRIGHT NEW MUSICAL COMEDY SET IN AUSTRALIA, WITH MUSIC AND LYRICS BY ERIC SPEAR, WHICH OPENED AT THE PRINCES THEATRE ON NOVEMBER 26: ON THE VERANDAH ARE (L. TO R.) EMMIE DALZIEL (MAGGIE FITZGIBBON), ROSIE (BRENDA TAI), STELLA (JULIA SHELLEY), AND GEORGE (GORDON BOYD).

about water on the stage, as in fact there is about a pump and two tubs, or a steam-roller, or a washing machine, or the sound of an express. Matters we never consider twice in life suddenly become dramatic and intensely interesting in the theatre. Water has always been loved. One can understand why a director once provided a pool in "As You Like It" so that Sir Oliver Martext could tumble into it. There used to be (and may be still) a music-hall act consisting almost entirely of waterfalls that, when I saw it first, roused an audience to joyful frenzy. So "Kookaburra," with water, a baronet, and (I nearly forgot to mention it) a large and agreeable dog, has a good many of the elements of success before it begins. In fact, there was probably no need to have had so elaborate a frame. It might have been enough if the baronet—the actor is Harry H. Corbett—had been discovered talking to a large and agreeable dog beside a waterfall in a rainstorm. Probably in the evening so that rain could give way to one of the splashier sunsets (the waterfall could go on pouring).

That was down under. Next, across the Atlantic. I hardly think that the twenty-three-year-old comedy, "You Can't Take it With You," by Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman, is any more faithful a picture of New York life in the mid-thirties than "Kookaburra" is a picture of remoter Queensland in 1913. But it is much funnier; it has, moreover, the lasting quality of the best nonsense. The setting is what an American critic described as "a madhouse which has all the comforts of home": it is indeed the home of Martin Vanderhof (Grandpa) and his family, all of whom go their own cheerful ways. They keep snakes, or make fireworks in the cellar, or write plays (Mum began when a typewriter was delivered by mistake eight years before), or print (the fact that he is printing sedition never occurs to the delighted operator), or galumph through ballet lessons, or do whatever they enjoy most without bothering about the world's condemnation. No wonder that when Mr. de Pinna called one day to deliver the ice, he stayed for eight years: clearly, people have a trick of doing that at the Vanderhof house.

All they ask is to go along in their own fashion, and to be happy. Grandpa decided many years ago that since he couldn't take with him after death any of the money he made, there was not much use in making it. So the household has lived ever since in briskly uninhibited craziness. The play has a philosophic core, if you wish to examine it carefully; but I am inclined to believe that Messrs. Hart and Kaufman gave themselves not a little joy, while writing their play, at the prospect that one day someone might examine it, in dead seriousness: someone who might even ask if they were "committed" dramatists.

The Birmingham Repertory Theatre revival is committed to nothing but good humour, and we get any amount of this under Bernard Hepton's swift direction. I do not know whether to admire most the unshaken serenity of Arthur Pentelow's Grandpa, the wide-eyed enthusiasm of Marigold Sharman (who seems always to be expressing "Surprise! Surprise!"), or Nancie Jackson's co-operative dignity as the Grand Duchess Olga Katrina—she is a waitress by profession—or John Carlin's profoundly White Russian mien. In this piece the cork still shoots from an effervescing bottle; but I am afraid that, in the not so distant future, the "Kookaburra" vintage may be flat.



THE PRESENTATION OF THE SILVER ROSE SCENE FROM THE COVENT GARDEN PRODUCTION OF RICHARD STRAUSS'S "DER ROSENKAVALIER," WHICH HAD ITS FIRST NIGHT ON DECEMBER 4: SOPHIE (HANNY STEFFEK) HOLDING THE FLOWER WHICH SHE HAS JUST RECEIVED FROM OCTAVIAN (SENA JURINAC).

The drought does yield to rain, and so ends the play. At the last the company sings behind a curtain of falling water. And the song is called, not surprisingly, "Rain." There must be something

### OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

- "THE AMOROUS PRAWN" (Saville).—Evelyn Laye in a new comedy by Anthony Kimmins. (December 9.)
- "TANNHAUSER" (Sadler's Wells).—Wagner's opera directed by Anthony Besch, with Ronald Dowd as Tannhäuser; Colin Davis conducts, and the designs are by Motley. (December 9.)
- "THE DEMON BARBER" (Lyric, Hammersmith).—A musical comedy about Sweeney Todd. (December 10.)

# MR. MACMILLAN AT OXFORD.



AT THE OXFORD UNION: LORD MONCKTON (LEFT) AFTER UNVEILING A BUST OF MR. MACMILLAN. AFTERWARDS THE PRIME MINISTER GAVE A BRIEF AND WITTY SPEECH.



TALKING WITH THE OXFORD UNION PRESIDENT ELECT, MR. I. LYON (LEFT), AND THE SECRETARY ELECT, MR. P. FOOT: MR. MACMILLAN, WHO WAS GUEST OF HONOUR.



DELIVERING HIS SPEECH AT THE OXFORD UNION AFTER THE UNVEILING OF THE BUST: MR. MACMILLAN ADDRESSING THE CROWDED CHAMBER.

Mr. Macmillan was guest of honour at the recent Oxford Union Society farewell debate when the motion was *Vita brevis, ars longa*. Before he made his speech, a plaster bust—later to be cast in bronze—of the Prime Minister, executed by Mr. Oscar Nemon, was unveiled by Lord Monckton. Welcomed as the ex-librarian from Balliol, Mr. Macmillan became the second person in the history of the Society who had not been a former President, and who had now been honoured in this way. He referred to his own undergraduate days and said that Oxford had changed much since then. Describing the Senior Common Rooms as a "recruiting ground for Sunday newspapers, the stage and television," he regretted that the future of scholarship seemed to lie in providing the answers to quiz programmes.

# A GREAT COVENT GARDEN PRODUCTION.

"Der Rosenkavalier," which was produced at Covent Garden on December 4 with a dazzling cast that included Elisabeth Schwarzkopf and Sena Jurinac, is the most popular of Richard Strauss's operas. The libretto, by Hugo von Hofmannsthal, is set in the Vienna of Maria Theresa. It is dominated by the Marschallin, a great beauty who, nevertheless, knows that her young lover, Octavian, must some day tire of her. It is against the background of her love and her final surrender of Octavian that the drama of Baron Ochs' attempt and failure to marry the beautiful heiress Sophie is played out. Octavian is made the "Rosenkavalier," the bearer of the silver rose, who asks for Sophie's hand on behalf of Baron Ochs. However, he falls in love with her and finally foils the Baron, gaining Sophie with the Marschallin's blessing.



THE COWARDLY BARON OCHS (KURT BOEHME) RECEIVING ATTENTION FROM A DOCTOR AFTER A SLIGHT HURT IN HIS DUEL WITH OCTAVIAN (SENA JURINAC) (THIRD FROM LEFT).



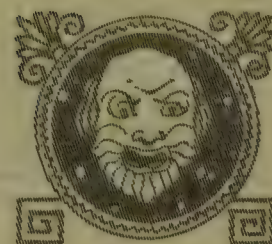
THE MARSCHALLIN (ELISABETH SCHWARZKOPF) WITH BARON OCHS IN ACT III OF "DER ROSENKAVALIER": A MOMENT IN THE BRILLIANT PRODUCTION AT COVENT GARDEN ON DECEMBER 4.



THE MARSCHALLIN WITH OCTAVIAN: A SCENE FROM ACT I OF RICHARD STRAUSS'S MOST POPULAR OPERA "DER ROSENKAVALIER" WHICH WAS FIRST PERFORMED IN 1911 IN DRESDEN.



## THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA



### CHARMING PERSONS.

By ALAN DENT.

BUT one uses the adjective ironically about the three chief characters in "Vicious Circle," the film made out of Sartre's grim play, "Huis Clos," which is all about what happens in Hell according to Existentialism. It is really quite simple—almost mediæval in its simplicity. If you are consigned to Hell, you go down in an elevator with all the other persons who had died at the same moment. You queue up at a counter and fill in a form—for it would seem that there is to be no escaping queues and red-tape in the next world. You are then shut up for ever in a sealed room with two other recently dead people who have been chosen, by some unseen Infernal committee, as being the two out of the whole present batch whom you are least likely to find agreeable or harmonious company.

M. Sartre's trio—as all who saw the play will remember—consists of a sinister lady called Inès, who hates the other sex; a man called Garcin, who had met a coward's death and had betrayed the other members of his political group, and a spoiled and petted woman called Estelle, who had murdered her unwanted baby. But whereas in the play we got to know these characters and the nature of their guilty past from their conversation, there is in the film a window behind a curtain which acts as a kind of television-set. Far from behaving as a general "cheerer-upper" in these ghastly circumstances, this shows our trio, how they met their respective deaths, what went on at their funerals, how much they were talked about and how soon they were forgotten.

The three torture one another and are able to see their own faces only in each other's eyes. For a large looking-glass over a mantelpiece without a fire—not even hell-fire in the grate—reflects nothing but the room itself. Far from being an original touch of horror, this was first

persons for dealings with whom one's own lifetime has been quite long enough, thank you very much! Vastly more recommended than the Sartre view of the Inferno or this hypothetical vista

#### OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE



ZIZI JEANMAIRE, WHO IS APPEARING IN "CHARMANTS GARÇONS."

"Zizi Jeanmaire," writes Alan Dent, "is quite the most piquante and entrancing young person to be seen on the screen for many a long day. She is a dancer called Lulu in a new French film called 'Charmants Garçons' (directed by Henri Decoin), and her misadventures with a varied batch of suitors are the whole concern of a light-hearted story. This French film—always chic and often very amusing—shares the bill at the Academy Theatre (a new programme which began on November 20) with an equally light-hearted Italian comedy, 'Persons Unknown' (directed by Mario Monicelli)."

creature called Lulu (Zizi Jeanmaire) from Paris to Cannes, and from Cannes to Deauville. She is a witty, laughter-loving, likeable sylph who is unlucky in love. One swain (François Perier) has concealed the existence of a wife and child. Another (Henri Vidal) is a boxer who is much too concerned about his own physical fitness. Another (Gert Froebe) is quite appallingly rich but also appallingly gross and Germanic. Still another whom she likes rather better than any (Daniel Gelin) is unfortunately a burglar by profession and quite incurably light-fingered. Mlle. Jeanmaire dances up to, and dances round, and then dances away from each of these admirers in the most captivating way.

The Italian film might almost be taken as a parody of the memorable "Rifiù," since it gives us a group of utterly incompetent burglars failing to bring off an elaborate *coup* that is not by any means as daring or as difficult or as profitable as they had all hoped and imagined. Prominent among the gangsters is the now famous Italian actor, Vittorio Gassman, who has played Oedipus in Italian in London, as I very vividly remember. This noble-looking young actor does his best to be merely one of the team of charming and amusing rascals. But his classic looks suggest all the time that he should be playing a serious part.

Finally, we have had a film-version of Wolf Mankowitz's stage-success, "Expresso Bongo"—a shrill, strident, and sharp satire on boy-crooners and their managers. The latest boy-singer Cliff Richard sings as to the manner born. The new young unscrupulous manager is now played with remarkable zip and thrust by Laurence Harvey, and the ageing variety-star who takes the little boy under her designing wing is acted in a witty-wistful kind of way by Yolande Donlan. For most of the time "Expresso



GARCIN (FRANK VILLARD, IN PANAMA HAT) WITH OTHER PERSONAGES EN ROUTE IN A LIFT FOR HELL: A SCENE FROM "VICIOUS CIRCLE," ADAPTED FROM JEAN-PAUL SARTRE'S PLAY "HUIS CLOS," WHICH IS "ALL ABOUT WHAT HAPPENS IN HELL ACCORDING TO EXISTENTIALISM." (MONDIAL FILMS; PARIS-PULLMAN.)



A SCENE FROM THE FILM-VERSION OF WOLF MANKOWITZ'S STAGE-SUCCESS, "EXPRESSO BONGO": MRS. RUDGE (AVIS BUNNAGE) IS NOT PERSUADED BY JOHNNY JACKSON (LAURENCE HARVEY, CENTRE) TO SIGN A CONTRACT LEGALISING HIS HOLD ON HER SON, BONGO HERBERT (CLIFF RICHARD), A SENSATIONAL BOY CROONER. (BRITISH LION; CARLTON.)

thought of by Guy de Maupassant nearly eighty years ago.

Let me grant the film's power (direction by Jacqueline Audry and incisively horrid performances by Arletty and Frank Villard and Gaby Sylvia) and then drop it at once. For it has the stench of decay about it—or may one say the Existence of decay? All the same, and just before leaving the subject, it should not at all surprise me if one of these horribly clever Frenchmen might now think up a play about Heaven, showing it to be a large but not quite large enough garden where one cannot—quite as often as one wants—escape from the dear friends, relatives, benefactors, beneficiaries, and all other such

of Paradise, is a double bill which has been delighting the loyal patrons of the Academy—"Charmants Garçons" and "Persons Unknown." The French film chases a radiant, slinky

#### OTHER CURRENT FILMS.

"CARMEN JONES" (Fox; Generally Released; November 30).—A reissue of one of the few really successful operatic films ever made. The cast—remarkably led by Dorothy Dandridge and Harry Belafonte—is coloured, and the setting is much more American than Spanish. But the acting and singing are worthy of Bizet's opera and his music is beautifully played and not altered.

"THE MAN WHO COULD CHEAT DEATH" (Paramount; Generally Released; November 30) and "BEHEMOTH THE SEA MONSTER" (Eros; Generally Released; December 7).—Two routine thrillers with reasonably self-explanatory titles.

"Bongo" is, for the likes of me, too like the thing it satirises to give me much genuine relish. But it has its points and is sure to be a huge success. Mr. Harvey's performance will help to make it so, though one could wish his spiv-character had a more consistently "common" accent. No one in my (admittedly limited) experience of this Soho world drops the "h" in "happiness" and yet pronounces the "t" in "often." This same actor's Joe Lampton in "Room at the Top" did exactly these two same disparate things. Since I pointed out this fault in my review of that film, it follows that Mr. Harvey does not read my film-criticism. Or if he should chance to read it, he certainly does not heed it!

## UNUSUAL PHOTOGRAPHS—NO. 18: COMPLEAT ANGLERS IN MALAYA.



WAITING FOR THEIR NET TO FILL WITH FISH: MALAYAN FISHERMEN PERCHED ON TRIPODS.

These Malayan fishermen ply their peaceful trade in a curious manner by sitting on wooden tripods which are placed with the net between them in shallow water. They can maintain their position from three to four hours and they generally catch from fifty to seventy-five fish at a time. This photograph was taken at Johore Bahru, which is in the State of Johore. This is near the

causeway which joins Malaya with Singapore which lies in the background. The fishermen can watch the progress of their catch from above and when they consider it large enough, they haul the net up and put the fish in the boat. They generally carry out their fishing in the early morning before the great heat of the sun becomes too fierce for their comfort.

## KING HUSSEIN IN ENGLAND; AND OTHER HOME NEWS IN PHOTOGRAPHS.



BUILT AT GREENHITHE IN 1906, RECENTLY REFITTED AGAIN AT GREENHITHE AND BACK IN SERVICE AGAIN: THE THAMES SAILING BARGE *CAMBRIA*, OWNED BY F. T. EVERARD AND SONS. ONE OF THE FEW TRADING CRAFT STILL POWERED BY SAIL ALONE, SHE PLIES BETWEEN LONDON AND THE EAST COAST.



KING HUSSEIN OF JORDAN, ON HOLIDAY IN ENGLAND, AT THE CONTROLS OF THE NEW HANDLEY PAGE *DART HERALD*, WHICH HE INSPECTED AND FLEW FOR A TRIAL TRIP. During his current holiday in England, King Hussein's activities have been many and various. As well as the visit to the Handley Page works at Radlett, where this photograph was taken, he has appeared in a B.B.C. television programme "This is Your Life" at Sandhurst on November 30 and is to appear in the television programme "Face to Face" on New Year's Day. He has also offered to sponsor and pay for an international youth camp in Jordan next year.



THE OLD NET HOUSES AT OLD HASTINGS—WHICH ARE NOW BEING REPAIRED AS THE RESULT OF THE OLD HASTINGS APPEAL. In March 1955 an Old Hastings Appeal was launched by the Duke of Norfolk in the hope of raising about £30,000 in order to preserve some of the beauties of the old town. The net houses are being repaired and restoration is going forward with Pelham Crescent, a delightful example of Regency architecture, which was built about 1828.



A CANNON FROM NELSON'S *VICTORY* FIRES AGAIN: THE SCENE AT AN EXPERIMENTAL FIRING AT THE ROYAL NAVY'S GUNNERY SCHOOL AT WHALE ISLAND, PORTSMOUTH, ON DECEMBER 4. For the first time for over 100 years a muzzle-loading gun has been fired at Whale Island, when a cannon from H.M.S. *Victory* was fired. This was an experiment to see if it would be safe to demonstrate one of the guns at forthcoming Navy Days.



THE WATER-SPLASH, MODERN STYLE: A *CHAMP* VEHICLE ENTERING THE WATER DURING ELIMINATING TESTS AT THE M.T. SCHOOL TO REDUCE THE BRITISH ENTRY TO THREE TEAMS FOR THE ARMY M.T. CHAMPIONSHIPS FOR LAND-ROVERS, MOTOR-BICYCLES AND TRUCKS.



THE £1000 PRIZEWINNER IN THE SECOND JOHN MOORES LIVERPOOL ART EXHIBITION: MR. PATRICK HERON'S ABSTRACT "BLACK PAINTING, RED, BROWN AND OLIVE, 1959." In the second John Moores Exhibition, at the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool, which opened on November 17, the biggest prize, that of £1,000, has just been announced, as above. A number of other prizes, from £500 downwards, have already been awarded.



ROAD-HEATING FOR THE KINGSTON BY-PASS: FIXING THE HEATING CABLE, WHICH WILL THEN BE COVERED WITH ASPHALT AND WILL SERVE IN KEEPING THE ROADWAY FREE OF ICE. This technique, of using buried PVC-covered electric heating cable is, of course, familiar in nursery garden practice and has been extended to warming roads and, at Edinburgh, to the Murrayfield Rugby Football pitch. The section shown here is the Hook underpass on A3.



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THIS week it is the turn of the "girls" and the "kiddiewinks"—the dear little, innocent-eyed "younger children" whose singular powers, both of voice and destruction, have never ceased to astound me! Nevertheless, it is true that they are also capable of being quietly enchanted by stories, either read aloud to them, or painfully spelled out for themselves—and thus of enchanting, in turn, those in whose breasts they had so recently aroused a strong desire to commit mayhem!

But the "girls" are older, and must have first turn. I notice two remarkable gaps in the selection of books for girls which has come my way this year: no school stories, and very little about pony clubs. Am I never to know the answer to the epic question once, I believe, asked by Mr. Arthur Marshall: "Who has stolen Prudence's bejewelled hair-slide?" And am I never again to see, worked out in prose, the theme of Mr. John Betjeman's exquisite poem beginning:

It's aw'f'ly bad luck on Diana,  
Her ponies have swallowed their bits;  
She fished down their throats with a  
spanner  
And frightened them all into fits?

There is, indeed, one first-class book by Dorian Williams called *EVERY CHILD'S BOOK OF RIDING* (Burke; 15s.), simple enough for a child with a first pony, and with all that such a child should know about grooming, feeding, tack, etc., but also most useful for older riders who have reached the gymkhana or even show-jumping stage.

Congratulations once more to Ernest Benn and his associates who have reprinted two more books by E. Nesbit, *THE WONDERFUL GARDEN* and *THE MAGIC WORLD* (12s. 6d. each).

Two stories bring back some old friends. *TROUBLE IN PARADISE* (Max Parrish; 9s. 6d.), by Sir John Smyth, V.C., will be eagerly sought by those who remember his "Paradise Island" last year. It is the same island with some of the same characters, including, of course, Ann Sheldon, the girl who is both the narrator and the heroine of some remarkable adventures with thieves and smugglers. She writes—and this is very rare—just as a girl of thirteen or so would write in real life.

Then there is another "Gappy" book by Elisabeth Beresford, *GAPPY GOES WEST* (Max Parrish; 9s. 6d.). The children here use words like "sloppy" and "beastly," which is not, I would say, quite up to the usual form of the world-weary infants of to-day, but their adventures on a Caribbean island are both exciting and mystifying.

*THE SILVER PENCIL* (Collins; 10s. 6d.), by Patricia Ward, is one of those semi-mystical books which may or may not be held to have "come off," according to the reader's subjective reactions. Anna, on holiday at the Welsh coast, finds an old silver pencil which turns out to have belonged to her great-grandfather. It has "planchette" conversations with her, and finally disappears. There is much good incident in the book, but a fairly thick icing of morality—"kindness," and "courage," and other such unimpeachable virtues—which are much better actively illustrated than talked about.

I picked up *DRINA DANCES IN EXILE* (Hodder and Stoughton; 10s. 6d.), by Jean Estoril, with some reluctance, because I seem to remember not having got on very well with Drina's capers last year, and also because *entrechats* and *fouettés* (if that is right), convey little meaning to me. But this year Drina did not dance, so far as I am

## A Christmas Hamper of Books for Children.

Reviewed by E. D. O'BRIEN.

concerned, entirely in vain. Her exile, it is true, was only to the Chilterns—and a pretty fuss she made about it!—but I enjoyed the story, and the characterisation seemed to me to be good.

Now we turn to the "kiddiewinks." Their books are, on the whole, more imaginatively contrived than those produced for their elders-by-a-few-years. These books fall easily into two groups: "fat," ones, with full-length stories, and "thin" ones, with little or no letterpress, and plenty of pictures. Of the fat ones, I thought that *THE*

More old favourites turn up in this group. I greatly preferred *MORE ABOUT PADDINGTON* (Collins; 8s. 6d.), by Michael Bond, to *THE KINGDOM OF CARBONEL* (Max Parrish; 10s. 6d.), by Barbara Sleigh, partly because I understand bears, while cats (with the exception of *Simpkin*, in the Tailor of Gloucester, and some others) make me faintly uneasy; partly because I believe firmly in Paddington, while the author never quite succeeds in making me believe in Carbonel and his Royal family.

Margery Sharp's first book for children, *THE RESCUERS* (Collins; 8s. 6d.), is about three mice who rescue a poet from a castle dungeon. It is enchanting, and the drawings by Judith Brook are just right. I hope that Miss Sharp gives us more and more mice every year.

Now I come to the "thin" books. Some of these, too, are "perennials." *ETHELBERT AND THE WITCH DOCTOR* (Collins; 10s. 6d.)—a large and fragrant bouquet to Miss Rosemary Hoyland for christening a tiger "*Ethelbert*"!—will charm the youngest children as well as the oldest adult. Many of them will also appreciate *ELOISE AT CHRISTMASTIME* (Max Reinhardt; 12s. 6d.), a good deal more than I did. Eloise is not really the girl for my money, in spite of Hilary Knight's lively and fanciful illustrations. Tintin, as all his fans will know, is an "intrepid reporter" and this year he and his companions go looking for pirate treasure in the strip-cartoon technique adopted by their creator, Hergé, who presents us with *RED RACKHAM'S TREASURE* (Methuen; 8s. 6d.).

Poetry for children is always difficult to assess; it can only be tried out, as it were, on the dog itself! That is why I cannot make up my mind about *NEW FEATHERS FOR THE OLD GOOSE* (Routledge and Kegan Paul; 12s. 6d.), by John Becker, illustrated by Virginia Campbell. Some of the poems have an inconsequence which seems to me to be the genuine article, and it has been a good idea to suggest music for others.

*THE VERY LITTLE GIRL* (Windmill Press; 9s. 6d.), by Phyllis Krasilovsky, is one of those books which only contain about a dozen sentences, trailing over a dozen pages with pictures on each. There must be "very little girls" all over the country who will enjoy being reminded of the fact that they are little, and that in time they will grow bigger—for that is all that the book has to tell them!

Freud, if I remember rightly, had a good deal of a rather sinister nature to say about shoes, but since I don't believe a word of it I am quite prepared to recommend *THE SHOES FIT FOR A KING* (The World's Work; 12s. 6d.), by Helen E. Bill, with pictures by Louis Slobodkin. You will not be surprised to hear that the shoes got their king in the end—though not before they had made a pretty mess of his palace!

Finally, we entertain a couple of foreigners. *THE FABLES OF LA FONTAINE* (Macdonald; 8s. 6d.) are, we are assured in the blurb, "no less instructive

than they are amusing, for they bring home the lessons of thrift, patience and modesty." Both the translation, by Marie Ponsot, and the illustrations, by Simone Baudouin, are good.

"Lavish" is, I think, the word for *CHINESE FAIRY TALES* (W. H. Allen; 12s. 6d.), retold by Shirley Goulden and illustrated by Maraja. There are the requisite number of princes, dragons and witches—and I notice that where the Nordics favour poor woodcutters, the Chinese prefer poor fishermen.

### Other Books for Children.

#### GIRLS.

*Alice Through the Looking Glass*, by Lewis Carroll. Illustrated. (W. H. Allen; 15s.)

*Ballet Stories for Young People*, by Gladys Davidson. Illustrated. (Cassell; 12s. 6d.)

*Seven Days' Wonder*, by Elizabeth Denys. Illustrated. (Collins; 8s. 6d.) A Victorian child in modern days.

*Killer Dog*, by Monica Edwards. Illustrated. (Collins; 10s. 6d.)

*The Real Book of Making Dolls and Dolls' Clothes*, by Catherine Roberts. *The Real Book of Horses*, by Jay Sherman. Both Illustrated. (Dobson; 10s. 6d. each.)

*Prize Pony*, by Kathleen Mackenzie. Illustrated. (Evans; 10s. 6d.) Adventures with a pony.

*The Pony Club Book*, tenth edition, by Alan Delgado. Illustrated. (World's Work; 15s.)

*Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales*—a selection. Translated by L. W. Kingsland. With original illustrations. (O.U.P.; 8s. 6d.)

*Wendy, the Story of a Horse*, by Barbara Woodhouse. Illustrated. (Parrish; 12s. 6d.)

*The House of the Swan*, by Elizabeth Coatsworth. Illustrated. (World's Work; 10s. 6d.) Adventures in France.

#### YOUNG CHILDREN.

*The Fables of Aesop and La Fontaine*, retold by Shirley Goulden. Illustrated. (W. H. Allen; 12s. 6d.)

*Jamie and Jock's Present*, by John Denton. Illustrated. (Benn; 5s.) A little boat among the Western Isles.

*Reckless Robert*, by G. H. Eyles and Neave Parker. Illustrated. (Bruce and Gawthorn; 1s. 3d.) A road-safety fable.

*A Friend is Someone Who Likes You*, by Joan Walsh Anglund. Illustrated. (Collins; 5s.) A very little book.

*Stories From the Bible—the Old Testament*. Illustrated. (Macdonald; 21s.)

*Cinderella and Other Stories*, retold by Jeanne Cappe. Illustrated. (Macdonald; 8s. 6d.)

*A Child's Garden of Verses*, by Robert Louis Stevenson. Illustrated. (Macdonald; 15s.)

*The Bears and the Spiders*, by Margaret Jacobson and Emily Elman. Illustrated. (Max Parrish; 8s. 6d.)

*The Lonely Doll*. Story and Photographs by Dare Wright. (Oldbourne; 10s. 6d.)

*Ambrose*, by Jean Balfour Payne. Illustrated. (World's Work; 10s. 6d.) The tale of a dog in a houseboat.

*Young Kangaroo*, by Margaret Wise Brown. Illustrated. (World's Work; 9s. 6d.) A factual story.

*SPETTECAKE HOLIDAY* (Michael Joseph; 12s. 6d.), by Edith Unnerstad, was probably the best. It has been admirably translated from the Swedish by Lilian Seaton. The hero is a small boy who becomes very naughty while his mother is ill, so he is sent off to the country to stay with his grandmother. There are various specifically Swedish "props" in this pleasant little comedy—such as an elk, and the spettekakes themselves—but no English child could fail to feel instantly at home in the Stubbagarden farm.

### CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

THE opening of one game in the World Championship Candidates' Tournament furnished as good an illustration as you could seek of the wonderful imagination of our younger school of players. The protagonists were the most brilliant of all our young players to-day: sixteen-year-old Bobby Fischer, of Brooklyn, and twenty-two-year-old Mikhail Tal, of Riga.

#### SICILIAN DEFENCE.

R. J. FISCHER. M. TAL.

White. Black.

1. P-K4 P-QB4

2. Kt-KB3 P-Q3

3. P-Q4 P×P

4. Kt×P Kt-KB3

5. Kt-QB3 P-QR3

A move which reveals once again how

impossible it is to play chess by general principles. Few elementary text-books fail to stress somewhere (usually very early on) that to move P-R3 (either R3) in the opening is a misguided waste of time. "Your opponent will utilise his turn to move to develop pieces"—and truly enough, White, against this form of Sicilian, often builds up a lead of two or three moves in development of his pieces. But Black's position remains virtually unbreachable; he makes up the leeway in due time and the method successfully exploited by Louis Paulsen, Morphy's main rival in the U.S.A. well over a century ago, is reverting to fashion to-day.

#### 6. B-QB4

In demonstrating the power of White's king's bishop on this square against the Sicilian Defence, Fischer has already (!) made a significant contribution to the theory of chess.

6. . . .

7. B-Kt3

P-K3

P-QKt4

A typically Tal move: when he is not wildly sacrificing, he is indulging in wild pawn-grabs. He now threatens to dislodge White's QKt by . . . P-QKt5, and capture the KP. It is enormously to Fischer's credit that he now wastes no time defending the pawn but continues energetically with his development—far the soundest way to expose Tal's plan for the dangerous waste of time it is.

8. P-B4!

9. Kt-R4

10. Castles!

To prevent 11. P-B5 . . .

11. P-B5!!

Just the same!

11. . . .

P-Kt5

Kt×P

P-Kt3

Kt×P

Many a good club player of the materialist type might be deeply puzzled here to understand just what compensation Fischer has for his two sacrificed pawns. Black has only one piece in play, as against four, but seems to have a solid centre.

#### 12. Kt×BP!!

Black now played 12. . . . R-Kt1; should have lost but, through a slight slip by Fischer, in a subsequent maelstrom of complications, won.

Why not 12. . . . P×Kt . . . ? Because of the reply 13. Q-Q5. Only by 13. . . . R-R2 could Black now meet the double threat of 14. Q×R and Q×BP mate, whereupon 14. Q-Q4 would fork, by the prettiest geometry, his two rooks.

11. . . . KP×P the move before would have been likewise punished by 12. Kt×P! B×Kt; 13. Q-Q5.



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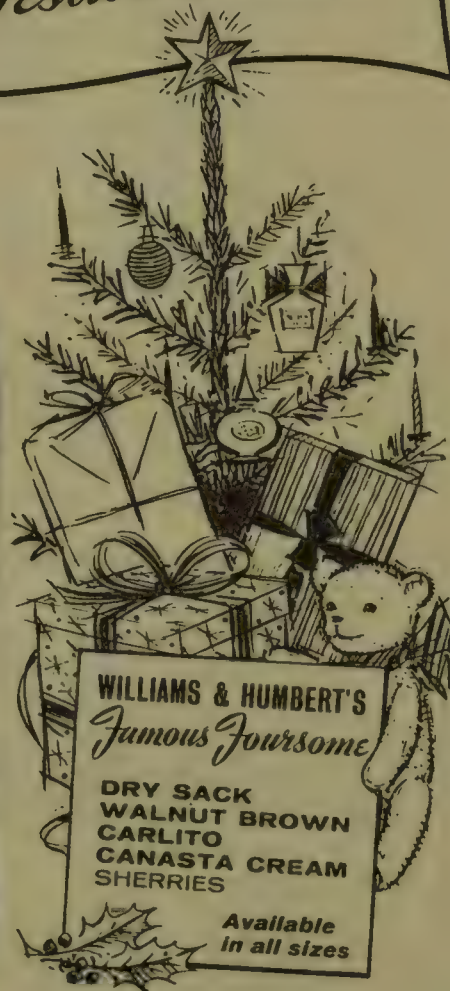


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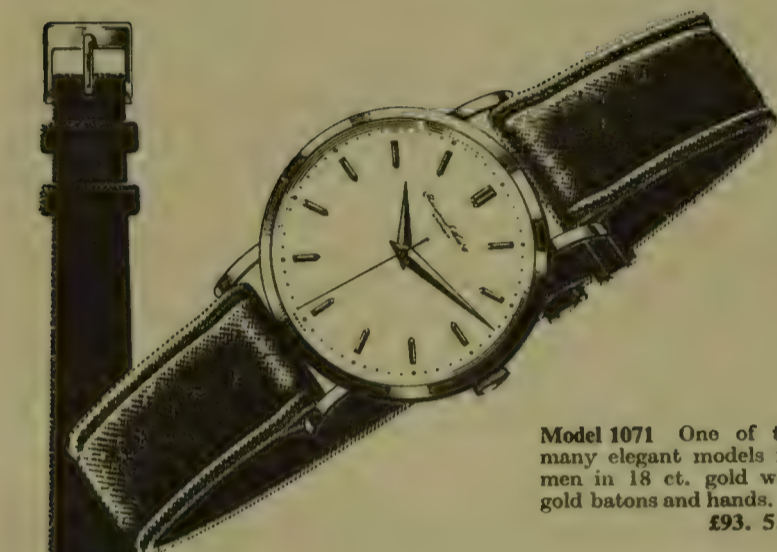


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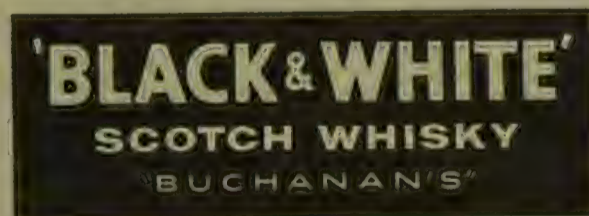
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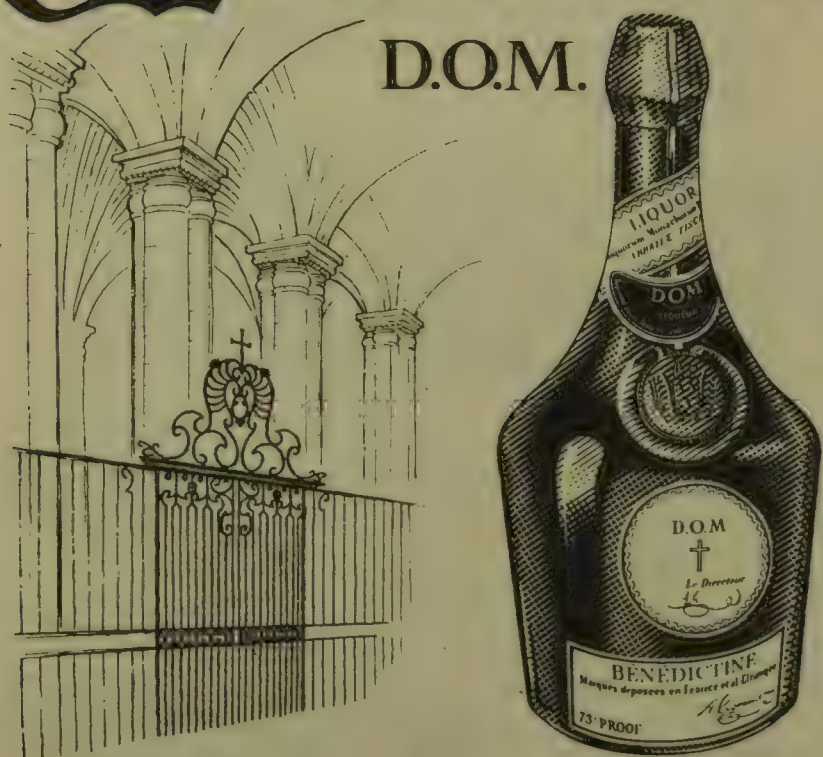
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Flowers grow, even in the wastelands of Mexico . . . the flowers of cactus. A brief shower . . . and the sands blaze into short life with scarlet mariposa lily, verbena and desert dandelion. But where man-made channels water the desert, blossom comes more surely and profitably—in the pinky-white form of cotton. Nearly half a million irrigated acres are under cotton cultivation in Baja California del Norte. The whole valley area of this corner of Mexico depends on cotton—and nematodes were seriously endangering this all-important crop.

• For some years, yields had been steadily decreasing in many of the cotton fields and by 1956 the situation was causing alarm. The presence of nematodes was suspected and an infestation survey was carried out—with startling results. Nearly a fifth of the entire cotton acreage was found to be seriously infested with nematodes and it was, therefore, decided to carry out a comprehensive series of trials with Nemagon Soil Fumigant. Once again, the results were startling.

Dosage rates as low as  $\frac{1}{2}$  gallon per acre (5 litres per hectare) gave yields  $2\frac{1}{2}$  times those obtained in untreated soils—together with larger bolls—yet there was no

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Trade Mark

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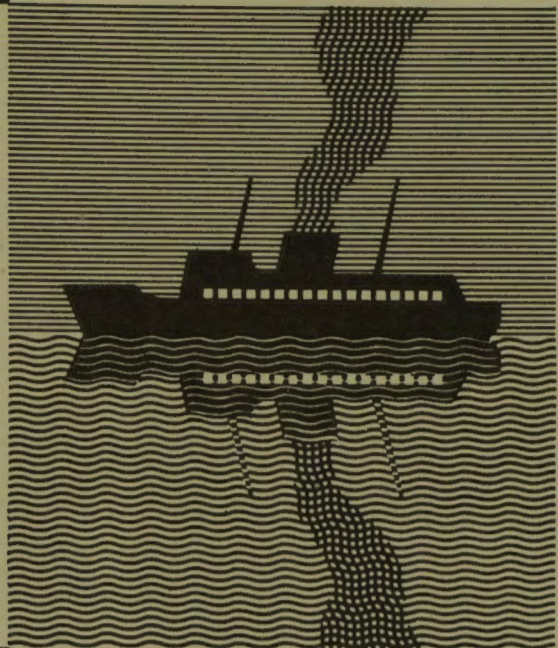
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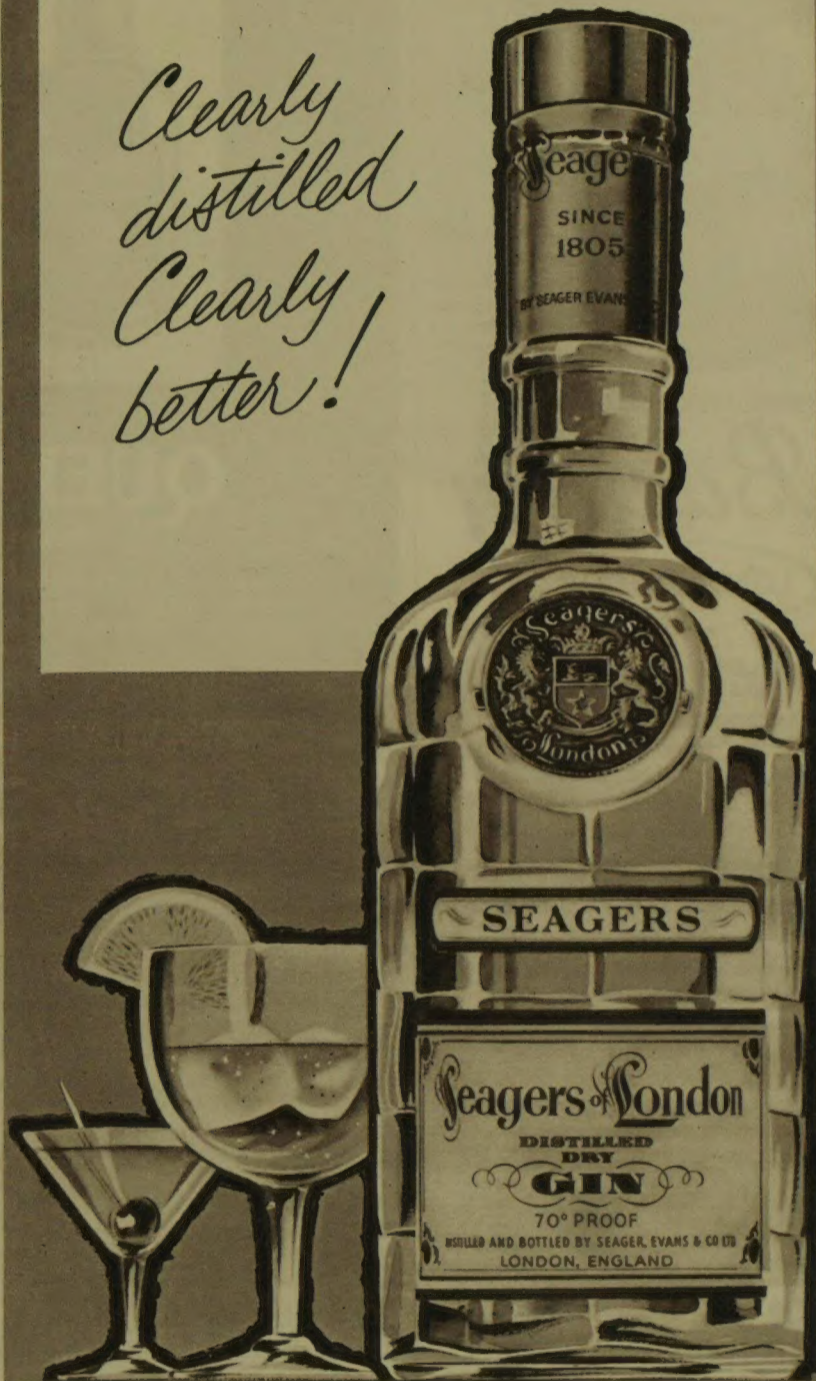
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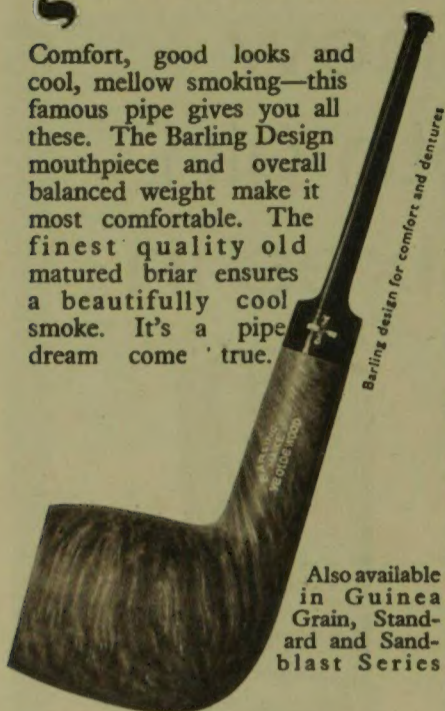
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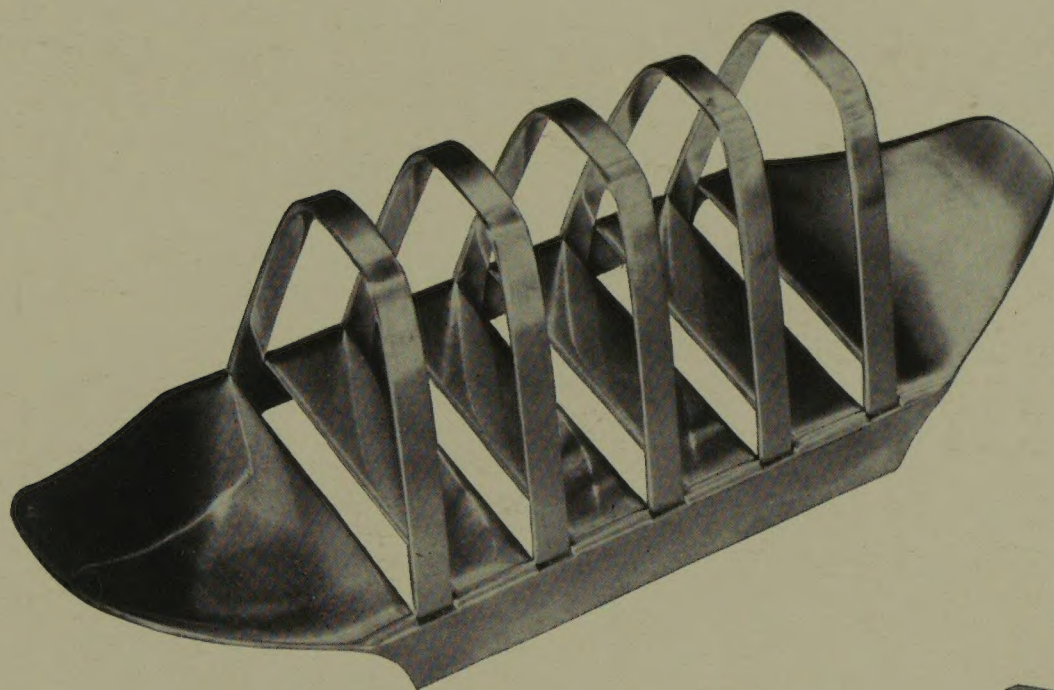


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